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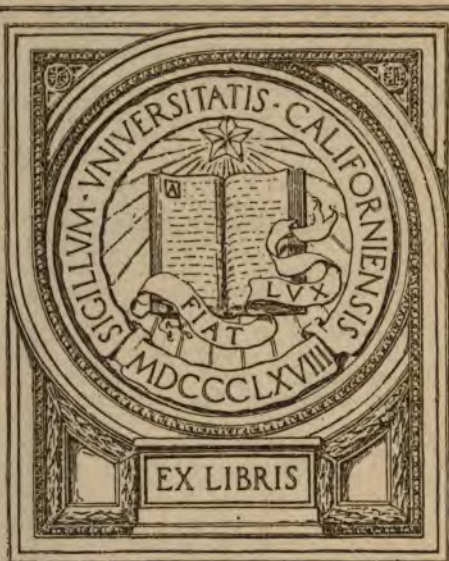
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FIFTH READER

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CALIFORNIA STATE SERIES

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PROGRESSIVE ROAD TO READING FIFTH READER

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SUPERINTENDENT, STATE PRINTING

TO THE
LEGISLATURE
OF THE STATE OF CALIFORNIA

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EDUCATION DEPT.
R. D. LINQUIST

1st Ed—50M—October, 1917.

INTRODUCTION

THE Progressive Road to Reading method is based on the fundamental principle that reading consists in getting thought from written or printed symbols. From the very beginning the sentence is the unit of thought, and the relation among words is never lost sight of. It is this relation idea, and not mere word calling without consciousness of a higher unity, that makes for true reading. The Progressive Road to Reading method rapidly leads to a complete mastery of symbols, and thus provides the key with which to unlock the treasure house of literature.

During the analytic-synthetic process of going from wholes to parts and back again to wholes, symbols become interesting only as means to higher ends. The mind of the child is vivified by the content of the reading material. In this way reading becomes inspirational and cultural. It holds in view the best thoughts and ideals of the race; it gives wings to the imagination, refines the emotions, and exalts desire; it leads to a thorough appreciation of literary values.

This volume has been prepared to give to the pupil a still wider realm than he has had before for the play of imagination, the contemplation of the artistic, the admira-

tion of the hero, and the entire liberation of his spirit from the close confines of his own personal experience.

We are all children of a smaller or larger growth and, under the law of imitation, we fashion ourselves after others, "when truth embodied in a tale shall enter in at lowly doors." It is therefore in accordance with the laws of human nature that the lessons of truth, beauty, and goodness set forth in this series have been presented in classic stories without obtrusive preachment of morals.

Ruskin says, "Tell me what you like, and I will tell you what you are." This holds true of readers and their choice of reading. The main purpose, therefore, in any serious attempt to teach reading is to cultivate a proper taste for literature.

For the use of copyrighted material, acknowledgment is made to the following authors and publishers: Charles G. D. Roberts for "How a Cat Played Robinson Crusoe," from the *Ladies' Home Journal*; E. S. Brooks and G. P. Putnam's Sons for "Helena of Britain" and "Edith of Scotland" from "Historic Girls," published by G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York and London; The Macmillan Company for "The Four Leaf Clover," by Mrs. Ella Higginson; Houghton Mifflin Company for "Opportunity," by Edward Rowland Sill, for "A New Leaf," by Ina Coolbrith, and for "The Sand-piper," by Celia Thaxter; D. Appleton & Company for "Paulette and her Gift," from "The Attic Philosopher," by Émile Souvestre; L. H. Bailey for "The Child's Realm"; Thomas Y. Crowell Company for "The Eye and the Ear," from "The Happy Life," by Charles W. Eliot, and for an illustration from their Luxembourg edition of Dinah Mulock Craik's "John Halifax, Gentleman"; Charles Scribner's Sons for "America for Me," from "The Poems of Henry Van Dyke," copyright, 1911, by Charles Scribner's Sons; J. K. Paulding for a story of his grandfather's called "A Night Adventure during the Old French War."

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IN THE CENTER SAT A BOY, PLAYING UPON A LUTE.

ARION AND THE DOLPHIN

There was a young man called Periander of Corinth, who set sail, one day in the olden times, from a port in the south of Greece. He was bound for Miletus, but the boat was caught in a storm and was carried out of her course as far as the island of Lesbos. There she stayed for several days, while the damage caused by the storm was being repaired. Periander landed, and occupied himself in wandering about the island and watching the inhabitants.

In his wanderings he came one evening upon a group of men and women, whom he wished he might join. They had been working hard all day, gathering the grapes and pressing them in big, wooden vats, to produce the wine for which Lesbos was famous. Now, in the beautiful autumn evening, they were making merry after their labors.

No wonder Periander stayed to watch them,

for they made a very pretty picture. In the center of the dancers sat a boy, playing upon a small lute with seven strings. To this accompaniment the dancers chanted a song in praise of the vine. Gradually the music went faster and faster; and faster and faster the dancers sped over the ground, until they were all out of breath, and lay laughing on the grass.

Then, as the boy struck another chord, all laughter was hushed, and he began to sing. It was a simple, plaintive little song, but there was a magic in his voice which held them all spellbound.

As the last note died away, a sigh came from the listeners. Some of the women turned away their faces, and the young men began to talk hastily, as if to hide their emotion.

Periander waited until the group broke up. Then he stepped forward and laid his hand on the boy's shoulder. The boy looked up with a smile.

"What is your name, my fair minstrel?" asked Periander.

“My name is Arion,” the boy answered promptly, as if he were used to being questioned. “I come from Methymna beyond the hills, where I used to tend goats.”

He told Periander that his mother and father died before he could remember, and that he had been brought up by an old goatherd; until a traveling minstrel, who happened one day to hear him singing on the hills, took charge of him and taught him to play the lute.

“That was one of his songs I was singing,” said Arion. “He always liked me to sing his songs; but when I am a man, I shall make my own songs, and sing them in the great cities over the sea.”

“And so you shall,” said Periander. “Now, listen to me, Arion! Some day, perhaps, I may be a great man, able to help you to become known as a great singer. Remember, when you have need of a friend, that Periander of Corinth will help you, if he can!”

When he departed, Periander left some money

with a worthy old couple, who promised to look after the boy and to see that he wanted for nothing.

After some years, Periander became king of Corinth. One day, when he was listening to one of the court musicians, something in the music reminded him of Arion.

“By Apollo!” he cried. “We will have the little Lesbian at court, and make a famous singer of him. Where is Glaucus? Ho there! Bid Glaucus attend the king!” When Glaucus appeared, the king bade him take a boat and sail for Lesbos. “There you will make search for one Arion, a singer,” he said, “and when you have found him, say, ‘Periander of Corinth has need of his friend Arion.’ And see that you bring him safely to Corinth!”

Glaucus did as he was bidden, and in due time found Arion, now grown into a tall, graceful youth. Arion, when he heard the message, consented to accompany Glaucus to Corinth, where he was greeted with great kindness by Periander.

He very soon became a great favorite, for he was ever ready to sing to the people, who idolized him and called him the son of Apollo.

His fame spread as far as Italy, and the people there asked him to come and sing to them. So he went to Italy, traveled about there for a long time, and made a great fortune. But at last, growing tired of his wandering life, he decided that he would go back to Corinth in the ship *Nausicaa*.

The voyage began happily enough; but the second night he heard the captain and the crew plan to throw him overboard, and to divide his money among themselves. Arion started up and implored them to spare his life, offering to hand over all his wealth. His entreaties and promises were all in vain.

“We give you a fair choice,” said the captain, brutally. “Either leap into the sea at once, or kill yourself in some other way. If you choose to kill yourself here, we will bury you decently on shore.”

Arion begged them, as a last favor, to let him sing once more before he died.

“That we will not refuse,” the captain answered; “though, if you think to move us by your wailing, let me tell you that you will waste your breath!”

Arion put on the robes in which he used to sing in the temple of Apollo; then he took his lute and stepped firmly to the prow of the vessel. There he sang the old song, which he had sung in the Lesbian vineyards where Periander saw him first.

When he came to the last line of the song, he boldly leaped over the side of the vessel.

As Arion fell into the sea, the water seemed to become alive beneath him; he felt it lifting him up, and carrying him rapidly away from the ship. Then he discovered that he was safe and sound, seated astride a great, black fish, which was swimming very rapidly on the top of the water.

He knew it must be a dolphin, which had



ARION SANG SONG AFTER SONG.

been attracted by his singing; for the dolphins, unlike most things that live in the sea, have sharp ears, and are very fond of music.

Arion began to sing, and sang song after song. Whenever he stopped, the dolphin ceased from swimming; and when Arion began again, the dolphin bounded through the water with great strokes of his broad tail. A strange sight it must have been. The dolphin went straight across the open sea and took Arion to the shores of Greece, from whence he made his way on foot to the city of Corinth.

Periander was overjoyed to see Arion once more, and when he marveled at the strange costume in which Arion had traveled, Arion related the whole story.

Periander listened attentively. When the story was finished, he remarked gravely, "Are you then so little satisfied with your victories over the musicians, Arion, that you have determined to be king of story-tellers also?"

"Does your Majesty intend to throw doubt on

my story?" asked Arion.

"Far be it from me!" answered Periander. "The story pleases me well, and if you will tell me another such, I will take pains to believe that also."

"Then Zeus be my witness! I will find means to prove it," cried Arion.

"Have I not said that I do not doubt?" asked Periander. "Yet I would gladly see the proof. I will wager my crown against your lute upon the issue!"

"So be it!" said Arion. "But first I must ask your Majesty to give orders that none may speak of my return. When the ship *Nausicaa* comes to port, let the seamen be dealt with as I shall appoint."

The king assented, laughing, for he deemed the tale impossible. After some days, however, it was announced that the ship *Nausicaa* was in the harbor. Periander summoned the captain and all the crew to the palace, and asked them whether they had brought any news of his min-

strel, Arion. The captain replied that Arion was still in Italy, traveling from place to place, and received everywhere with great honor. One of the sailors added that Arion preferred Italy to Greece, and had no intention of returning to Corinth.

At that moment a curtain was drawn, disclosing Arion with his lute, just as the sailors had seen him last in the prow of the ship. Supposing that they beheld his spirit, they were seized with terror, and fell at the king's feet, confessing all their wickedness and begging for mercy.

But Periander was filled with indignation, and turned from them angrily. Arion urged the king to be merciful, now that the seamen had seen their wickedness, and were willing to make restitution. Periander, however, would not hear of mercy.

“Your compassion bears witness to your noble spirit, Arion,” he replied. “But these men have planned a most cruel and cowardly murder, and cruelly shall they suffer for it. Seize these men,

guards, and bind them !”

The guards came forward and began to lead away the trembling wretches.

“Stay!” cried Arion. “It is I who am king. Did not your Majesty stake your crown against my lute, and can the royal word be broken? Back, guards! I claim my wager!”

Periander could not refrain from laughter, but confessed himself beaten by this piece of strategy. “The wit of Arion,” he said, “is stronger than the tears of repentance. Release the prisoners!”

“That being so,” said Arion, “and seeing that I am more at home with the lute, I will restore the royal crown to Periander.”

— FROM HERODOTUS.

AT SEA

A wet sheet and a flowing sea,
A wind that follows fast,
And fills the white and rustling sail,
And bends the gallant mast ;
And bends the gallant mast, my boys,
While like the eagle free
Away the good ship flies, and leaves
Old England on the lee.

Oh, for a soft and gentle wind !
I heard a fair one cry ;
But give to me the snoring breeze
And white waves heaving high ;
And white waves heaving high, my lads,
The good ship tight and free : —
The world of waters is our home,
And merry men are we.

There's tempest in yon hornèd moon,
And lightning in yon cloud ;
But hark the music, mariners !
The wind is piping loud ;
The wind is piping loud, my boys,
The lightning flashes free, —
While the hollow oak our palace is,
Our heritage the sea.

— ALLAN CUNNINGHAM.

PROSPERO AND MIRANDA

On an island in the midst of the sea, there lived, many hundred years ago, an old man named Prospero, and his beautiful daughter Miranda. They had been cast upon this island when Miranda was so young that she had no memory of any other human face than her father's, and they were the only human beings on the whole island.

Their home was in a cave hollowed out of a rock. It was divided into several rooms, one of which Prospero called his study. Here Prospero kept his books, which treated chiefly of magic, the knowledge of which he found very useful.

It seems that this was not an ordinary island, for the whole place had been enchanted by a witch called Sycorax, who died there a short time before Prospero arrived. This cruel witch had imprisoned many good spirits in the trunks of large trees, because they had refused to obey her wicked commands. By his magical art, Prospero

had released these gentle spirits from their dark prisons; and ever afterwards they were obedient to his will.

Among these released spirits was one called Ariel. He was a lively little sprite, who enjoyed carrying out Prospero's commands quickly and skillfully. Though he was not mischievous, he did take pleasure in tormenting an ugly monster called Caliban, the son of the old witch Sycorax, who had tormented him.

Prospero had found this Caliban in the woods, a strange creature, with a misshapen form, more like an ape than like a human being. Still he had taken Caliban home to his cave in the rock, had taught him to speak, and had tried to be very kind to him. But the monster was ungrateful, would not learn anything good or useful, and finally Prospero was obliged to turn him out. Then Caliban was required to do the fishing, to fetch the wood and the water, to make the fires, and to do other kinds of hard work. Ariel had charge of compelling him to do these services.

Caliban was lazy. He hated to work, and he hated Prospero, who knew so much more than he did. He wanted the island to himself; wanted to lie all day in the sun and watch the clouds and the insects. So he would neglect his work; and then Ariel (who was invisible to all eyes but Prospero's) would come and pinch him, or tumble him down in the mire.

Sometimes Ariel would show himself to Caliban in the likeness of an ape, and make mouths at him. Then, swiftly changing himself into the likeness of a hedgehog, he would lie tumbling in the way of Caliban, who feared that the sharp quills of the hedgehog would prick his bare feet. With a great variety of tricks, Ariel would torment him whenever Caliban neglected the work which Prospero had commanded him to do.

After Prospero and Miranda had lived alone on the island for many years, there came one day a violent storm. It was not just an ordinary tempest, but a terrible magic storm; for Prospero had ordered Ariel and a host of other powerful

spirits to raise the worst storm they could make, through their command of the winds and the waves. In the midst of this storm he showed his daughter a fine large ship struggling with the wild sea waves that every moment threatened to swallow it up. The ship, he told her, was full of human beings like themselves.

“O my dear father,” cried she, “if by your art you have raised this dreadful storm, have pity! See, the vessel will be dashed to pieces! Poor souls, they will all perish! If I had the power, I would sink the sea within the earth, rather than let the good ship be destroyed, and all the noble souls within her.”

“Be not amazed, my daughter,” said Prospero. “There is no harm done. I have ordered all so safely that no person in the ship shall receive any hurt. What I have done has been done in care of you, my dear one. You are ignorant of who you are, and of whence we came. You know no more of me than that I am your father, and live in this poor cave on this lonely island. Can you

remember a time before we came unto this cell? I do not think you can, for you were not then three years old."

"Certainly, sir, I can," replied Miranda.

"What can you remember, my child?" asked Prospero. "What other house or person?"

Miranda said, "It seems to me more like a dream than like remembering the past. Had I not once four or five women who attended upon me?"

Prospero answered, "You had, and more. How is it that this still lives in your mind? Do you also remember how you came here?"

"No, sir," said Miranda, "I remember nothing more."

"Then the time has come," her father said, "when you must hear the story. Twelve years ago, Miranda, I was duke of Milan, and you were a princess and my only heir. I had a younger brother, Antonio, whom, next to you, I loved most dearly. I trusted him to represent me. He was so skillful in governing the state that, gradually,



"FOUR OR FIVE WOMEN WHO ATTENDED UPON ME."

I neglected worldly affairs, and buried myself among the books that I loved. My brother being thus in possession of my power began to think of himself as the duke. The opportunity I gave him of making himself popular among my subjects awakened a bad nature in him; his ambition grew; he began to dream of depriving me of my dukedom. This he soon did with the aid of the king of Naples, a powerful prince, who was my enemy. One dark night they took me from my palace, me and my crying child, and hurried us out of the city."

"Wherefore," asked Miranda, "did they not destroy us?"

"My child," answered her father, "they did not dare, so dear was the love that my people bore me. They carried us on board a ship, and when we were some leagues out at sea, forced us into a little old boat, without tackle, sail or mast. There they left us, as they thought, to perish. But a noble lord of my court, named Gonzalo, had privately placed in the boat water,

food, clothes and some books that I prize above my dukedom."

"O my father," said Miranda, "what a trouble must I have been to you then!"

"No, my love," said Prospero, "you were a little cherub that did preserve me. Your innocent smiles made me bear up against my misfortunes. Our food lasted till we landed on this desert island. Since then I have enjoyed being your schoolmaster, Miranda, and you have profited well by my instructions."

"Heaven thank you, dear father," said Miranda. "Now pray tell me, sir, your reason for raising this sea-storm."

"Know then," replied her father, "that by means of this storm my enemies, the king of Naples and my cruel brother, are cast ashore upon this island."

Just then Ariel presented himself before his master to give an account of the tempest, and to tell what had been done with the ship's company. So Prospero gently touched his daughter

with his magic wand, and she fell fast asleep. To Miranda the spirits were always invisible, but Prospero did not choose to have her hear him talking with Ariel, as it would have seemed to her that he was talking with the empty air.

“Well, my brave spirit,” said Prospero to Ariel, “how have you performed your task?”

Ariel gave a lively description of the storm, and of the terror of the mariners. He told Prospero that the king’s son, Ferdinand, was the first to leap into the sea, and that the king thought he saw his dear son swallowed up by the waves and lost.

“But he is safe,” said Ariel, “in a corner of the isle. He is sitting with his arms folded, sadly lamenting the loss of his father, for he thinks his father was drowned. Not a hair of Ferdinand’s head is injured, and his garments, though drenched, look fresher than before.”

“That’s my delicate Ariel,” said Prospero. “Bring him hither. My daughter must see this

young prince. Where is the king, and where is my brother?"

"I left them," answered Ariel, "searching for Ferdinand, whom they have little hopes of finding, because they think they saw him perish. Of the ship's crew, all are saved; and the ship, though invisible to them, is safe in the harbor. The rest of the fleet have all met again and are sailing the Mediterranean. They think they saw the king's ship wrecked and the great king perish.

"Ariel," said Prospero, "your charge is faithfully performed, but there is more work to do."

"Is there more toil!" exclaimed Ariel. "Let me remind you, master, that you have promised me my liberty. Remember, I pray, that I have done you worthy service, told you no lies, made no mistakes, and served you without grudge or grumbling."

"Do you forget," asked Prospero, "from what a torment I freed you?"

"No," said Ariel.

"You do! You think it much to tread the ooze of the salt deep, and to run upon the sharp wind of the north, for me!"

"I do not, sir."

"I say you do! Have you forgotten the foul witch Sycorax, bent double with age and envy?"

"No, sir," answered Ariel.

"Yes, you have! Where was she born? Speak! Tell me!" exclaimed Prospero.

"Sir, in Algiers."

"Oh, was she so? I must once a month recount what you have been, for you forget. This witch was banished from Algiers on account of her mischief. Is not this true?"

"Ay, sir!"

"You were her servant; and because you were a spirit too delicate to carry out her wicked commands, she shut you up in the cloven trunk of a pine tree. You had been there twelve years when I found you groaning as fast as a mill wheel. Was it not my art that made the pine tree open and let you out?"

"I thank you, master."

"If you murmur again, I will rend an oak, and peg you inside till you have howled away another twelve winters."

"Pardon, master," said Ariel; "I will obey your commands."

"Do so," answered Prospero, "and after two days I will set you free."

He then gave orders, and away went Ariel, swift and invisible as the wind. First he went to where he had left Ferdinand, and he found the king's son still mourning for his father.

"Oh, my young gentleman," thought Ariel, when he saw him, "I will soon move you. You must be brought to the Lady Miranda." So Ariel began to sing—

"Full fathom five thy father lies;
Of his bones are coral made;
Those are pearls that were his eyes:
Nothing of him that doth fade,
But doth suffer a sea-change
Into something rich and strange.
Sea-nymphs hourly ring his knell:
Hark! Now I hear them—Ding-dong, bell."



HE FOLLOWED THE SOUND OF ARIEL'S VOICE.

This strange song roused the prince, and in amazement he followed the sound of Ariel's voice, till it led him to the place where Prospero and Miranda were sitting under the shade of a large tree.

"Miranda," said Prospero, pointing to Ferdinand, "look over there and tell me what you see."

"Oh, father!" cried Miranda in surprise. "What is that? A spirit? How it looks about! Is it not a spirit, father?"

"No, child," answered her father, gently, for he remembered that she had never seen a young man before. "It eats, and sleeps, and has senses such as we have. This is a young man that you see. He was in the ship, and is now wandering about to find his lost companions. He is somewhat changed by grief, or you might call him a handsome person."

Miranda had supposed that all men had grave faces and gray beards like her father. So she was delighted with the appearance of this beau-

tiful young prince. Ferdinand thought he was on an enchanted island and that Miranda was the goddess of the place. So he began to address her as a goddess.

She timidly answered that she was no goddess, but a simple maid. Just then Prospero broke in. He was well pleased to find that they admired each other, but, to try Ferdinand, he resolved to throw some difficulties in their way. Therefore, advancing, he addressed the prince sternly, saying, "You have put yourself upon this island as a spy, to win it from me, the lord of it."

"No, as I am a man, I have not," answered Ferdinand.

"Follow me," said Prospero. "I will tie your neck and feet together; you shall drink sea water; shellfish, withered roots and husks of acorns shall be your food."

"No," declared Ferdinand, "I will resist such entertainment till I see a more powerful enemy."

Thereupon Ferdinand drew his sword, but



SO HE BEGAN TO ADDRESS HER AS A GODDESS.

Prospero, waving his magic wand, fixed the prince to the spot where he stood so that he had no power to move.

Miranda hung upon her father, saying, "Why are you so ungentle? Have pity, sir! I will be his surety. This is the third man I ever saw, and to me he seems a true one."

"Silence!" said the father. "One word more will make me chide you, girl. What! You think there are no more such men, having seen only him and Caliban. I tell you, foolish girl, most men as far excel this one as he does Caliban."

"Come on, young man," said Prospero to the prince. "You have no power to disobey me."

"I have not, indeed," answered Ferdinand. Not knowing that he was deprived of all power of resistance by magic, he was astonished to find himself compelled to follow Prospero.

Ferdinand was put into a cell, but later Prospero took his prisoner out and set him to piling up logs in front of the cave that was their home. He took good care to let his daughter know that

Ferdinand must do this hard labor, and left them together.

Kings' sons are not used to piling up heavy logs of wood ; and Miranda found that Ferdinand was almost exhausted with this work. "Alas," said she, "do not work so hard! Pray, rest yourself!"

"Oh, my dear lady," said Ferdinand, "I dare not! I must finish my task before I take my rest."

"If you will sit down," said Miranda, "I will carry your logs for you."

But to this Ferdinand would by no means agree. Instead of a help, Miranda became a hindrance, for they began to talk, and the work of log-carrying went on so slowly that Prospero would have been very angry if he had really wanted the logs piled. But he had set Ferdinand at this task merely as a trial.

Instead of being in his study, as Miranda thought, Prospero was standing near them ; but he had made himself invisible. He was glad to

see that Ferdinand thought Miranda the most beautiful woman in all the world; and he smiled with satisfaction when Ferdinand, in a fine long speech, told Miranda that he was heir to the crown of Naples, and that she should be his queen.

Miranda was so delighted with Ferdinand that, without waiting for her father's consent, she told him she would be his wife. Later Prospero called them to him, and, instead of censuring them, said, "Ferdinand, if I have too severely used you, I will make you rich amends by giving you my daughter."

Prospero now left them to sit down and talk together till he returned; then he called his spirit Ariel, who quickly appeared before him, eager to relate what he had done with Prospero's brother, Antonio, and the king of Naples.

Ariel said he had left them almost out of their senses with fear at the strange things he had caused them to see and hear. When they were tired with wandering about, and famished for want of food, he suddenly set before them

a delicious banquet; then just as they were going to eat, he appeared visible before them in the shape of a disgusting monster with wings, and the feast vanished.

Then to their utter amazement he spoke to them, in the person of the monster, about their cruelty in driving Prospero out of his dukedom and leaving him and his infant daughter to perish in the sea; saying that for this reason they were now suffering. Then, for the first time, they saw how evil their deeds had been, and they repented of the injustice they had done to Prospero. Ariel told his master that he felt certain their repentance was sincere, and that he, though a spirit, could not but pity them.

“Then bring them hither, Ariel,” said Prospero. “If you, who are not human, feel for their distress, shall not I, who am a human being like themselves, be more kindly to them? Bring them quickly, my dainty Ariel.”

Ariel soon returned with the king, Antonio and old Gonzalo. They followed him, wondering

at the wild music the invisible Ariel played to draw them on to his master's presence. This Gonzalo was the same nobleman who had so kindly provided Prospero with water and food and books, when his wicked brother Antonio left him to perish in an open boat in the sea.

Grief and terror had so stupefied the senses of the three men that they did not know Prospero. He first spoke to the good old Gonzalo, whom he called the preserver of his life. Then he put on his robes of state, and made himself known to his brother and to the king as the wronged duke.

Antonio, with true penitence, begged his brother's forgiveness, and the king said he was sincerely sorry for the injustice done by them both. Prospero forgave them, and they promised to give his dukedom back to him.

Then Prospero said to the king, "I have a gift in store for you, too." Opening a door, he showed to the king his son Ferdinand playing at chess with Miranda. Nothing could exceed



FERDINAND PLAYING AT CHESS WITH MIRANDA.

the joy of the father and the son at this unexpected meeting, for each had thought the other drowned in the storm.

Miranda was not less surprised at seeing so many people on the island where, for so many years, she had been alone with her father.

“O wonder!” she exclaimed. “What noble creatures these are! It must surely be a brave world that has such people in it!”

The king of Naples was as much astonished at the beauty and graces of the young Miranda as his son had been. “Who is this maid?” asked he. “She seems to be the goddess that parted us, and now has brought us together again.”

“No, sir,” answered Ferdinand, smiling to find that his father had fallen into the mistake that he made when he first saw Miranda. “She is no goddess; she is a mortal. She is the daughter of Prospero, the famous duke of Milan, who gave me a second life. I chose her for my wife when I could not ask for your consent, think-

ing you were not alive."

"Then I must be her father," said the king; "and one of these days she shall reign with you, as queen of Naples."

Prospero had more good news for them. He told them that their ship was safe in the harbor, with the sailors all on board; and that he and his daughter would accompany them home the next morning.

"In the meantime," said he, "partake of such refreshments as my poor cave affords; and for your evening's entertainment I will relate the history of my life from my first landing on this desert island."

He then called for Caliban to prepare some food, and to set the cave in order. The company were astonished at the uncouth form and savage appearance of this ugly, half-human monster, the only attendant Prospero had to wait upon him.

Before Prospero left the island, he set Ariel free, to the great joy of that lively little spirit

who longed to wander uncontrolled, like a wild bird. His last command to Ariel was to watch over the ship in which they were all to set sail together, to calm the seas and to send prospering gales so that they might sail fast enough to catch the royal fleet. Off Ariel flew to do this final task, singing his favorite song —

“Where the bee sucks, there suck I;
In a cowslip’s bell I lie;
There I couch when owls do cry.
On the bat’s back I do fly
After summer merrily.
Merrily, merrily shall I live now
Under the blossom that hangs on the bough.”

—BASED ON SHAKESPEARE’S “THE TEMPEST.”

FOUR-LEAF CLOVER

I know a place
Where the sun is like gold
And cherry bloom burst with snow;
And down underneath
Is the loveliest nook
Where the four-leaf clovers grow.

One leaf is for hope
And one is for faith,
And one is for love you know;
And God put another one in for luck,—
If you search you will find where they grow.

But you must have hope,
And you must have faith;
You must love and be strong, and so
If you work, if you wait, you will find the place
Where the four-leaf clovers grow.

— ELLA HIGGINSON.



**"IT REALLY APPEARS TO ME," CRIED QUICKSILVER, "THAT
THERE IS CERTAINLY MORE MILK IN THE PITCHER "**

THE MIRACULOUS PITCHER

One evening, in times long ago, old Philemon and his old wife, Baucis, sat at their cottage door, enjoying the calm and beautiful sunset. They had already eaten their frugal supper, and intended now to spend a quiet hour or two before bedtime. So they talked together about their garden, and their cow, and their bees, and their grapevine, which clambered over the cottage wall, and on which the grapes were beginning to turn purple.

The shouts of children, and the barking of dogs, in the village near at hand, grew louder and louder.

“Ah, wife,” cried Philemon, “I fear our neighbors yonder, instead of giving food and lodging to some poor traveler, have set their dogs at him, as their custom is!”

“Well-a-day!” answered old Baucis. “I do wish our neighbors felt a little more kindness and did not let their children fling stones at strangers!”

“Those children will never come to any good,”

said Philemon, shaking his white head. "To tell you the truth, wife, I should not wonder if some terrible thing were to happen to all the people in the village, unless they mend their ways. But as for you and me, as long as we have a crust of bread, let us be ready to give half to any poor stranger that may come along and need it."

"That's right, husband!" said Baucis. "So we will."

These old folks were poor and had to work hard for a living. Their food was seldom anything but bread, milk, and vegetables, with sometimes a portion of honey from their beehive, and now and then a bunch of grapes.

Their cottage stood on a hill a short distance from a village, which lay in the valley below. This valley had once been the bed of a lake. But as the waters left the lake, men had cultivated the soil and built houses on it. A small brook ran through the village and supplied the people with water. Never was there a prettier or more fruitful valley.

But the people of this lovely village were hard-hearted, and had no pity for the poor.

What made the matter seem worse was that when rich persons came in their chariots, or riding on beautiful horses, these villagers would take off their hats, and make the humblest bows you ever saw.

So now you can understand why old Philemon spoke so sorrowfully when he heard the shouts of the children and the barking of the dogs.

“I never heard the dogs so loud,” observed the good old man.

“Nor the children so rude,” answered his good old wife.

They sat shaking their heads to one another, while the noise came nearer and nearer, until they saw, at the bottom of the little hill on which their cottage stood, two travelers coming toward them on foot. Close behind them came the fierce dogs, at their very heels. A little farther off, ran a crowd of children, who set up shrill cries and flung stones at the two strangers with all their

might. Once or twice the younger of the two men turned about and drove back the dogs with a staff which he carried in his hand. His companion walked calmly along.

Both of the travelers were very humbly clad, and looked as if they might not have money enough in their pockets to pay for a night's lodging.

"Come, wife," said Philemon to Baucis. "Let us go and meet these poor people. No doubt they feel almost too heavy-hearted to climb the hill."

"Go you and meet them," answered Baucis, "while I make haste within doors and see whether we can get them anything for supper. A comfortable bowl of bread and milk would do wonders towards raising their spirits."

Accordingly, she hastened into the cottage. Philemon, on his part, went forward and extended his hand, saying in the heartiest tone, "Welcome, strangers! Welcome!"

"Thank you!" replied the younger of the two.

"This is quite another greeting than we have met with in yonder village. Pray, why do you live in such a bad neighborhood?"

"Ah!" observed old Philemon, with a smile. "Providence puts me here in order that I may make amends for the unkindness of my neighbors."

"Well said, old father!" cried the young traveler, laughing. "My companion and myself need some amends. Those little rascals have bespattered us finely with their mud balls; and one of the curs has torn my cloak, which was ragged enough already. But I took him across the muzzle with my staff, and I think you may have heard him yelp, even thus far off."

The young traveler was dressed in rather an odd way, with a sort of cap on his head, the brim of which stuck out over both ears. Though it was a summer evening, he wore a cloak, which he kept wrapped closely about him. Philemon noticed, too, that he had on a singular pair of shoes. He was so wonderfully light and active

that it appeared as if his feet sometimes rose from the ground of their own accord, or could be kept down only by an effort.

“I used to be light-footed in my youth,” said Philemon to the young traveler. “But I always found my feet grew heavier toward nightfall.”

“There is nothing like a good staff to help one along,” answered the younger stranger; “and I happen to have an excellent one, as you see.”

This staff was the oddest looking staff that Philemon had ever beheld. It was made of olive wood, and had something like a pair of wings near the top. Two snakes, carved in wood, twined themselves about the staff, and were so very skillfully made that old Philemon almost thought them alive, and that he could see them wriggling and twisting.

“A curious piece of work, sure enough!” said he. “A staff with wings! It would be an excellent kind of stick for a little boy to ride.”

By this time, Philemon and his two guests had reached the cottage door.

"Friends," said the old man, "sit down and rest yourselves here on this bench. My good wife Baucis has gone to see what you can have for supper. We are poor folks; but you shall be welcome to whatever we have in the cupboard."

The younger stranger threw himself carelessly on the bench, letting his staff fall as he did so. The staff seemed to get up from the ground of its own accord, and, spreading its little pair of wings, it half hopped, half flew, and leaned itself against the wall of the cottage. There it stood quite still, except that the snakes continued to wriggle.

"Was not there a lake, in very ancient times, covering the spot where now stands yonder village?" asked the older stranger, in a remarkably deep tone of voice.

"Not in my day, friend," answered Philemon; "and yet I am an old man, as you see. There were always the fields and the meadows, just as they are now, and the old trees, and the little stream murmuring through the midst of the valley. Neither my father, nor his father before him,

ever saw it otherwise, so far as I know; and doubtless it will still be the same, when old Philemon shall be gone and forgotten."

"That is more than can safely be foretold," observed the older stranger; and there was something very stern in his deep voice. "Since these villagers have lost their good nature, it were better that the lake should be rippling over their dwellings again!"

He looked so stern, that Philemon was really almost frightened; especially as it seemed suddenly to grow darker, and there was a roll as of thunder in the air; but a moment afterward, the older stranger's face became so kindly and mild that Philemon quite forgot his terror. Nevertheless, he could not help feeling that this older traveler must be no ordinary person, although he happened now to be dressed so humbly and to be journeying on foot.

While Baucis was still getting supper, the travelers both began to talk very sociably with Philemon. The younger, indeed, made such keen

and witty remarks, that the good old man continually burst out laughing, and said he was the merriest fellow he had seen for many a day.

"Pray, my young friend," said he, "what may I call your name?"

"Why, I am very nimble, as you see," answered the young traveler. "So, if you call me Quicksilver, the name will fit tolerably well."

"Quicksilver? Quicksilver?" repeated Philemon, looking in the traveler's face, to see if he were making fun of him. "It is a very odd name! And your companion there? Has he as strange a name?"

"You must ask the thunder to tell it to you," replied Quicksilver, putting on a mysterious look. "No other voice is loud enough."

This remark made Philemon look with wonder at the elder stranger. The stranger conversed in such a way that Philemon felt moved to tell him everything which he had most at heart.

The simple and kind-hearted old man talked about the events of his past life, in the whole

course of which he had never been a score of miles from this very spot. His wife Baucis and himself had dwelt in the cottage from their youth upward, earning their bread by honest labor, always poor, but still contented. He told what excellent butter and cheese Baucis made, and how fine were the vegetables which he raised in his garden. He said, too, that, because they loved each other so very much, it was the wish of both that death might not separate them, but that they should die, as they had lived, together.

As the elder stranger listened, a smile beamed over his face, and made its expression as sweet as it was grand.

“You are a good old man,” said he to Philemon, “and you have a good old wife to be your helpmeet. It is fit that your wish should be granted.”

It seemed to Philemon, just then, as if the sunset clouds threw up a bright flash from the west, and kindled a sudden light in the sky.

Baucis now had supper ready, and, coming to

the door, began to make apologies for the poor fare she was forced to set before her guests.

“Had we known you were coming,” said she, “my good man and myself would have gone without a morsel. But I took the most part of to-day’s milk to make a cheese; and our last loaf is already half eaten. Ah me! I never feel the sorrow of being poor, save when a needy traveler knocks at our door.”

“All will be very well; do not trouble yourself, my good dame,” replied the elder stranger kindly. “An honest, hearty welcome to a guest works miracles.”

“A welcome you shall have,” cried Baucis, “and likewise a little honey that we happen to have left, and a bunch of purple grapes besides.”

“Why, Mother Baucis, it is a feast!” exclaimed Quicksilver, laughing. “And you shall see how bravely I will play my part at it! I think I never felt hungrier in my life.”

“Mercy on us!” whispered Baucis to her husband. “If the young man has such an appetite,

I am afraid there will not be half enough supper ! ”

They all went into the cottage. Quicksilver's staff, you recollect, had set itself up against the wall of the cottage. Well, when the master entered the door, leaving this wonderful staff behind, what should it do but immediately spread its little wings, and go hopping and fluttering up the doorsteps ! *Tap, tap*, went the staff, on the kitchen floor ; nor did it rest until it had stood itself on end beside Quicksilver's chair.

As Baucis had said, there was but a scanty supper for two hungry travelers. In the middle of the table was the remnant of a brown loaf, with a piece of cheese on one side of it, and a dish of honeycomb on the other. There was a pretty good bunch of grapes for each of the guests. A moderate-sized earthen pitcher, nearly full of milk, stood at a corner of the board ; and when Baucis had filled two bowls, and set them before the strangers, only a little milk remained in the bottom of the pitcher.

The travelers both drank off all the milk in their two bowls at a draught.

“A little more milk, kind Mother Baucis, if you please,” said Quicksilver. “The day has been hot, and I am very much athirst.”

“Now, my dear people,” answered Baucis, in great confusion, “I am so sorry and ashamed! But the truth is, there is hardly a drop more milk in the pitcher.”

“Why, it appears to me,” cried Quicksilver, starting up from the table and taking the pitcher by the handle, “it really appears to me that there is certainly more milk in the pitcher.”

So saying, and to the vast astonishment of Baucis, he filled not only his own bowl but his companion's likewise, from the pitcher that was supposed to be almost empty. The good woman could scarcely believe her eyes. She had certainly poured out nearly all the milk, and had peeped in afterwards, and had seen the bottom of the pitcher as she set it down upon the table.

“But I am old,” thought Baucis to herself,

“and apt to be forgetful. I suppose I must have made a mistake. At all events the pitcher cannot help being empty now, after filling the bowls twice over.”

“What excellent milk!” observed Quicksilver, after drinking the contents of the second bowl. “Excuse me, my kind hostess, but I must really ask you for a little more.”

Now Baucis had seen, as plainly as she could see anything, that Quicksilver had turned the pitcher upside down, and had poured out every drop of the milk in filling the last bowl. Of course, there could not possibly be any left. However, she lifted the pitcher, and made as if pouring milk into Quicksilver’s bowl. What was her surprise to see a stream of milk fall bubbling into the bowl, so that it was immediately filled to the brim, and overflowed upon the table!

And then what a delicious fragrance the milk had! It seemed as if Philemon’s only cow must have pastured that day on the richest herbage that could be found anywhere in the world.

“And now a slice of your brown loaf, Mother Baucis,” said Quicksilver, “and a little of that honey!”

Baucis cut him a slice accordingly; and though the loaf, when she and her husband ate of it, had been rather dry and crusty, it was now as light and moist as if but a few hours out of the oven. Tasting a crumb, which had fallen on the table, she found it delicious and could hardly believe that it was a loaf of her own kneading and baking. Yet, what other loaf could it possibly be?

But, oh, the honey! Its color was that of the purest gold; and it had the odor of a thousand flowers. Never was such honey tasted, seen, or smelt.

Although good Mother Baucis was a simple old dame, she could not but think that there was something rather out of the common in all that had been going on. So, after helping the guests to bread and honey, and laying a bunch of grapes by each of their plates, she sat down by Philemon, and in a whisper told him what she had seen. “Did you ever hear the like?” asked she.

"No, I never did," answered Philemon, with a smile. "And I rather think, my dear old wife, you must have been walking about in a sort of dream. If I had poured out the milk, I should have seen through the business at once. There happened to be a little more in the pitcher than you thought — that is all."

"Ah, husband!" said Baucis. "Say what you will, these are very uncommon people."

"Well, well," replied Philemon, still smiling, "perhaps they are. They certainly do look as if they had seen better days, and I am heartily glad to see them making so comfortable a supper."

Each of the guests had now taken his bunch of grapes upon his plate. Baucis (who rubbed her eyes, in order to see more clearly) was of the opinion that the clusters had grown larger and richer, and that each separate grape seemed to be on the point of bursting with ripe juice. It was entirely a mystery to her how such grapes could ever have been produced from the stunted old vine that climbed against the cottage wall.

“Very admirable grapes these!” observed Quicksilver, as he swallowed one after another, without apparently changing the size of his cluster. “Pray, my good host, whence did you gather them?”

“From my own vine,” answered Philemon. “You may see one of its branches twisting across the window yonder. But wife and I never thought the grapes very fine ones.”

“I never tasted better,” said the guest. “Another cup of this delicious milk, if you please, and I shall then have supped better than a prince.”

This time old Philemon bestirred himself, and took up the pitcher, for he was curious to discover whether there was any reality in the marvels which Baucis had whispered to him. He knew that his good old wife was incapable of falsehood, and that she was seldom mistaken in what she supposed to be true; but this was so very singular a case that he wanted to see into it with his own eyes. On taking up the pitcher,

therefore, he slyly peeped into it, and was fully satisfied that it contained not so much as a single drop. All at once, however, he beheld a little white fountain, which gushed up from the bottom of the pitcher, and speedily filled it to the brim with foaming and deliciously fragrant milk. It was lucky that Philemon, in his surprise, did not drop the miraculous pitcher from his hand.

“Who are ye, wonder-working strangers?” cried he, even more bewildered than his wife had been.

“Your guests, my good Philemon, and your friends,” replied the elder traveler, in his mild, deep voice. “Give me likewise a cup of the milk; and may your pitcher never be empty for kind Baucis and yourself, any more than for the needy wayfarer!”

The supper now being over, the strangers requested to be shown to their beds.

When left alone, the good old couple spent some little time in conversation about the events of the evening, and then lay down on the floor

and fell fast asleep. They had given up their sleeping room to the guests, and had no other bed for themselves.

The old man and his wife were stirring bright and early in the morning, and the strangers likewise arose with the sun, and made ready to depart. Philemon hospitably entreated them to remain a little longer, until Baucis could milk the cow, and bake a cake upon the hearth, and, perhaps, find them a few fresh eggs for breakfast. The guests, however, seemed to think it better to accomplish a good part of their journey before the heat of the day should come on. They, therefore, persisted in setting out immediately, but asked Philemon and Baucis to walk forth with them a short distance, and show them the road which they were to take.

So they all four left the cottage, chatting together like old friends.

“Ah me! Well-a-day!” exclaimed Philemon, when they had walked a little way from their door. “If our neighbors only knew what a

blessed thing it is to show hospitality to strangers, they would tie up all their dogs, and never allow their children to fling another stone."

"It is a sin and a shame for them to behave so — that it is!" cried good old Baucis. "I mean to go this very day, and tell some of them what wicked people they are."

"By the way, my dear old people," cried Quicksilver, "where is this village that you talk about? On which side of us does it lie? Methinks I do not see it hereabouts."

Philemon and his wife turned toward the valley, where at sunset only the day before they had seen the houses, the gardens, the clumps of trees, and the wide street with children playing in it. But what was their astonishment! There was no longer any appearance of a village! In its stead, they beheld the broad, blue surface of a lake, which filled the great basin of the valley from brim to brim.

"Alas!" cried these kind-hearted old people. "What has become of our poor neighbors?"



“THERE WAS NEITHER USE NOR BEAUTY IN SUCH LIVES AS THEIRS ”

“They exist no longer as men and women,” said the elder traveler, in his grand and deep voice, while a roll of thunder seemed to echo it at a distance. “There was neither use nor beauty in such lives as theirs; for they never softened or sweetened the hard lot of man. Therefore the lake that was of old has spread itself forth again to reflect the sky!”

“As for you, good Philemon,” continued the elder traveler, “and you, kind Baucis,—you, with your scanty means, have done well, my dear old friends. Wherefore, request whatever favor you have most at heart, and it is granted.”

Philemon and Baucis looked at each other, and then Philemon said, “Let us live together while we live, and leave the world at the same instant when we die, for we have always loved one another!”

“Be it so,” replied the stranger. “Now look toward your cottage.”

They did so. To their surprise they saw a tall building of white marble on the spot where their cottage had stood.

“There is your home,” said the stranger. “Do for strangers in yonder palace as freely as in the poor hovel to which you welcomed us last evening.”

The old folks fell on their knees to thank him ; but, behold, neither he nor Quicksilver was there.

So Philemon and Baucis lived in the marble palace, and spent their time in making everybody comfortable who happened to pass that way.

Thus the old couple lived in their palace a great, great while, and grew older and older, and very old, indeed. At length, however, there came a summer morning when Philemon and Baucis failed to make their appearance to invite the guests of overnight to breakfast. The guests searched everywhere, from top to bottom of the spacious palace, and all to no purpose. At last they found in front of the palace two old trees which nobody could remember to have seen there the day before. Yet there they

stood. One was an oak, and the other a linden tree. Their boughs were so intertwined that each tree seemed to live in the other.

While the guests were wondering how these trees could have come to be so tall and aged in a single night, a breeze sprang up, and set their intermingled boughs astir. Then there was a deep, broad murmur in the air, as if the two trees were speaking.

“I am old Philemon!” murmured the oak.

“I am old Baucis!” murmured the linden tree.

But as the breeze grew stronger, the trees both spoke at once, “Philemon! Baucis! Baucis! Philemon!” as if one were both and both were one.

Their wish had come true.

— From NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE.

AN APPLE ORCHARD IN THE SPRING

Have you seen an apple orchard in the spring?

In the spring?

A genuine apple orchard in the spring?

When the spreading trees are hoary

With their wealth of promised glory,

And the mavis sings its story,

In the spring.

Have you plucked the apple blossoms in the spring?

In the spring?

And caught their subtle odors in the spring?

Pink buds pouting at the light,

Crumpled petals baby white,

Just to touch them a delight—

In the spring.

If you have not, then you know not, in the spring,

In the spring,

Half the color, beauty, wonder of the spring.

No sweet sight can I remember

Half so precious, half so tender,

As the apple blossoms render

In the spring.

— WILLIAM MARTIN.

A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM

In the days when Theseus was Duke of Athens, there once came to his court an angry and excited old man named Egeus, with his lovely daughter Hermia. "O noble Duke!" said he, "I ask for justice. I claim the law of Athens against my daughter."

"Why so, Egeus?" asked the duke.

"Because, O noble Duke!" answered Egeus, "the law says that a daughter must marry the man her father chooses for her, or else suffer death. I have chosen Demetrius, but she will not have him. She is bewitched by another young man named Lysander. I crave permission to enforce this law."

Then the duke turned to the daughter and asked, "What have you to say, Hermia?"

"O noble Duke!" pleaded Hermia, "Demetrius formerly loved my friend Helena, and now, though she returned his love threefold and still loves him, he has turned from her to me.



"I CHAVE PERMISSION TO ENFORCE THIS LAW"

How could I trust such a man? I do not love him. I love Lysander and Lysander loves me."

The duke's heart was deeply moved at this innocent plea. He was a merciful ruler, and great, but even he could not alter the laws of Athens. Therefore he said, "Hermia, I am sorry for you, but all I can do is to give you four days to consider. If at the end of that time your father has not changed his mind, you must either marry Demetrius or be put to death. That is the law, and I cannot change it."

When they had left the duke's presence, Hermia immediately sought Lysander and told him of the danger she was in. "I must either give you up, Lysander, and marry Demetrius," she said, "or lose my life in four days."

Lysander was in great sorrow at hearing Hermia's evil tidings. After long thought he recollected that he had an aunt who lived outside of Athens. He knew that in the place in which his aunt lived this cruel Athenian law could not be put in force against Hermia. So

he proposed to her that she should steal out of her father's house that night, and go with him to his aunt's house, where he would marry her. "I will meet you," said Lysander, "in the wood a few miles without the city, where we have so often walked with Helena."

Hermia joyfully agreed to Lysander's proposal. She told no one of her intended flight except her dear friend Helena. To her she confided all their plans, ending with these words:—

"And in the wood, where often you and I
Upon faint primrose beds were wont to lie,
Emptying our bosoms of their counsel sweet,
There my Lysander and myself shall meet.
And thence from Athens turn away our eyes,
To seek new friends and stranger companies."

Now Helena was so foolish and ungenerous as to go and tell Demetrius, although the only benefit that she could hope to gain by betraying Hermia's secret was the poor pleasure of following her faithless lover Demetrius to the wood. She well knew that he would pursue Hermia.

This wood in which Lysander and Hermia were to meet was the favorite haunt of fairies. Oberon, the king, and Titania, the queen of the fairies, with all their tiny train of followers, held their midnight revels in this wood. When the moon shone, the lovely dells and glades, all carpeted with moss and flowers, were filled with tiny forms clad in gossamer, dancing in joyous measure to dainty music.

But at this time there happened to be a sad disagreement between Oberon and Titania. Whenever they met by moonlight in the shady walks of this pleasant wood, they quarreled so savagely that all the other fairy elves and sprites would creep into acorn cups and hide themselves for fear.

The cause of this unhappy disagreement was this. Titania refused to give to Oberon a little changeling boy. The mother of this boy had been Titania's friend; and upon her death the fairy queen stole the child from his nurse and brought him up in the woods.

The night on which Lysander and Hermia were to meet in the wood, Titania was out walking with her maids and met Oberon there attended by his little men.

"Ill met by moonlight, proud Titania," said the fairy king.

The queen replied, "What, jealous Oberon! Is it you? Fairies, skip hence. I have forsworn his company."

"Tarry, rash fairy," said Oberon. "Am I not thy lord? Why does Titania cross her Oberon? Give me your little changeling boy to be my page."

"Set your heart at rest," answered the queen. "Your whole fairy kingdom buys not the boy from me." She then left her lord in great anger.

"Well! Go your way," said Oberon. "Before the morning dawns I will torment you for this injury."

Oberon then sent for his chief favorite, Puck, sometimes called Robin Goodfellow. Puck was

a shrewd and knavish sprite, who used to play comical pranks in the neighboring villages.

“Come hither, Puck,” said Oberon to this little merry wanderer of the night. “Fetch me the flower which maids call ‘Love in Idleness.’ If the juice of that little purple flower be laid on the eyelids of those who sleep, it will make them, when they awake, fall in love with the first thing they see. Some of the juice of that flower I will drop on the eyelids of my Titania when she is asleep. The first thing she looks upon when she opens her eyes she will dote upon, even though it be a lion, or a bear, a meddling monkey, or a busy ape. Before I take this charm from off her sight I will make her give me that boy to be my page.”

Puck, who loved mischief with all his heart, was highly pleased with this intended frolic of his master, and ran to seek the flower.

While Oberon was awaiting the return of Puck, he saw Demetrius and Helena enter the wood. He overheard Demetrius use many un-

kind words to Helena because she followed him, and saw him try to escape from her while she ran after him as swiftly as she could.

The fairy king was always friendly to true lovers, so he felt great compassion for Helena. Perhaps he had seen her walking by moonlight in this pleasant wood when Demetrius was with her and told her that he loved her. However that might be, when Puck returned with the little purple flower, Oberon said to him, "Take a part of the flower. There has been a sweet Athenian lady here, who is in love with a disdainful youth. If you find him sleeping, drop some of the love juice into his eyes, but do it when she is near him so that she may be the first thing he sees when he awakes. You will know the man by the Athenian garments which he wears."

Puck promised to manage this matter very skillfully, and then Oberon slyly went to seek his queen in her fairy bower, where she was preparing to go to rest, on a bank of wild

flowers. Titania was giving orders to her fairies how they were to employ themselves while she slept. "Some of you," she said, "must kill cankers in the musk-rose buds, and some wage war with the bats for their leathern wings to make my small elves coats. Some of you keep watch that the clamorous owl come not near me. But first sing me to sleep."

Then the fairies began to sing this song:—

"You spotted snakes with double tongue,
Thorny hedgehogs, be not seen;
Newts and blindworms, do no wrong,
Come not near our fairy queen."

"Philomel, with melody,
Sing in our sweet lullaby;
Lulla, lulla, lullaby; lulla, lulla, lullaby.
Never harm, nor spell, nor charm,
Come our lovely lady nigh;
So, good night with lullaby."

When the fairies had sung their queen asleep with this pretty lullaby they left her to do what she had ordered. Then Oberon softly

drew near and dropped some of the love juice on Titania's eyelids, saying:—

“What thou seest when thou dost wake,
Do it for thy true love take.”

While all this was taking place Hermia made her escape from her father's house and met Lysander in the wood, where he was waiting to conduct her to his aunt's house. Before they had passed half through the wood Hermia was so tired out that she could go no farther. Lysander persuaded her to rest till morning on a bank of soft moss, and lying down himself on the ground at some little distance, he, too, soon fell fast asleep.

Here Hermia and Lysander were found by Puck, who was sure that this must be the Athenian maid and her disdainful lover whom Oberon had sent him to seek. So he pressed some of the love juice into Lysander's eyes.

Now it seems that when Demetrius ran away so rudely from Helena, he ran so swiftly that Helena soon lost sight of him. As she was

wandering she came to the place where Lysander was sleeping.

"Ah," said she, "this is Lysander lying on the ground! Is he dead or asleep?"

Then, gently touching him, she said, "Good sir, if you are alive, awake!"

Upon this Lysander opened his eyes, and because of the love charm told her that he loved her, that she excelled Hermia in beauty as a dove does a raven and that he would run through fire for her sweet sake.

Helena knew that Lysander was Hermia's lover and that he was solemnly pledged to marry her, so she thought Lysander was making fun of her. "Oh," said she, "why was I born to be mocked and scorned by every one? Is it not enough, is it not enough, young man, that I can never get a sweet look or a kind word from Demetrius; but you, sir, must pretend thus to make love to me? I thought, Lysander, you were a lord of more true gentleness."

Saying these words in great anger, she ran away; and Lysander followed her, quite forgetful of Hermia, who was still asleep.

When Hermia awoke she was in a sad fright at finding herself alone. She wandered through the wood, not knowing what had become of Lysander nor which way to go to seek him.

In the meantime Demetrius, who had run away from Helena, had not been able to find Hermia and Lysander. Tired out with his fruitless search, he lay down and fell fast asleep. Here Oberon, who had discovered Puck's mistake, found the sleeping Demetrius, and touched his eyelids with the love juice. Demetrius instantly awoke, and the first person he saw was Helena passing by. At once he began to address love speeches to her, just as Lysander had done not long before. At that moment Lysander made his appearance, and Hermia, too, running after. Then Lysander and Demetrius together made love to Helena, both speaking at the same time.

"What does all this mean?" cried Helena.
"Why are you thus making sport of me?"

Then she turned on Hermia and said,
"Unkind Hermia, it is you who have set
Lysander on to vex me with mock praises. It
is you who have told your other lover, Demetrius,
to call me a goddess. He would not speak
thus if you did not set him on. Have you
forgotten our school-day friendship? Hermia, it
is not maidenly in you to join with men in
scorning your poor friend."

"I am amazed at your words," answered
Hermia. "I do not scorn you, but it seems
that you scorn me."

"Ay, keep on with your pretense," returned
Helena. "Make mouths at me when I turn my
back. Then wink at each other and keep up
the sport. If you had any pity, grace, or
manners, Hermia, you would not use me thus."

While Helena and Hermia were speaking
these angry words to each other, Demetrius
and Lysander slipped away into the wood to

fight together for the love of Helena. When the women discovered that the men had left them, they departed and once more wandered weary in the wood in search of their lovers.

As soon as they were gone, the fairy king, Oberon, who with little Puck had been listening to their quarrels, turned to the little elf and said, —

“You heard that Demetrius and Lysander are gone to seek a convenient place to fight in. I command you to overhang the night with a thick fog, and to lead these quarrelsome lovers so astray in the dark that they shall not be able to find each other. Imitate each of their voices and provoke them to follow you. See that you do this till they are so weary that they can go no farther. When you find they are asleep, drop the juice of this other flower into Lysander’s eyes. When he awakes he will forget his new love for Helena, and return to his old passion for Hermia. Go about this quickly, Puck, and I will go and see what sweet love my Queen Titania has found.

Then Puck sped away, singing as he went :—

“Up and down, up and down,
I will lead them up and down ;
I am feared in field and town :
Goblin, lead them up and down.”

Oberon found Titania still sleeping in her bower on the bank of wild flowers. Near her a clown who had lost his way in the wood was likewise asleep. On seeing him, Oberon said to himself, “This fellow shall be my Titania’s true love.” Thereupon he clapped a donkey’s head over the clown’s, and it seemed to fit the clown as well as if it had grown upon his own shoulders. Although Oberon fixed the donkey’s head on very gently, it awakened him. Rising up, unconscious of what Oberon had done to him, the clown went towards the bower where the fairy queen slept.

At that very moment Titania opened her eyes and beheld the donkey-headed clown. The juice of the little purple flower had taken effect. She cried out, “What angel is this I see? Are you as wise as you are beautiful?”

“Why, mistress,” said the foolish clown, “if I have wit enough to find the way out of this wood, I have enough to serve my turn.”

“Out of the wood do not desire to go,” said the lovesick queen. “I am a spirit of no common kind. I love you. Go with me, and I will give you fairies to attend upon you.”

Titania then called four of her fairies, — Pease-blossom, Cobweb, Moth, and Mustard-seed. To them she said, “Attend upon this sweet gentleman. Hop in his walks and gambol in his sight. Feed him with grapes and apricots, and steal for him the honey bags from the bees.”

Titania said to the clown, “Come, sit with me, and let me play with your amiable hairy cheeks, my beautiful donkey, and let me kiss your fair large ears, my gentle joy!”

“Where is Pease-blossom?” asked the donkey-headed clown, very proud of his new attendants.

“Here, sir,” answered little Pease-blossom.

“Scratch my head,” said the clown. “Where is Cobweb?”



**"MY SWEET LOVE," SAID THE QUEEN, "WHAT WILL YOU HAVE
TO EAT?"**

“Here, sir,” answered Cobweb.

“Good Mr. Cobweb,” said the foolish clown, “kill me the red bumblebee on the top of that thistle yonder; and, good Mr. Cobweb, bring me the honey bag. Do not fret yourself too much in the action, Mr. Cobweb, and take care the honey bag break not. I should be sorry to have you overflowed with a honey bag. Where is Mustard-seed?”

“Here, sir,” answered Mustard-seed. “What is your will?”

“Nothing, good Mr. Mustard-seed,” replied the clown, “but to help Mr. Pease-blossom to scratch. I must go to a barber’s, Mr. Mustard-seed, for methinks I am marvelous hairy about the face.”

“My sweet love,” said the queen, “what will you have to eat? I have a venturesome fairy who shall seek the squirrel’s hoard and fetch you some new nuts.”

“I had rather have a handful of dried pease,” said the clown, who had got a donkey’s appetite with his donkey’s head. “But, I pray, let none

of your people disturb me, for I have a mind to sleep."

"Sleep, then," said the queen, "and I will wind you in my arms. Oh, how I love you! How I dote upon you!"

When Oberon saw the clown sleeping in the arms of Titania he advanced within her sight and again demanded the changeling boy. This time, so blinded was she by the juice of the magic flower to everything but her love for the clown, she readily gave up her little pet.

Now Oberon, having thus obtained the little boy he had so long wished for to be his page, took pity on poor Titania and threw some of the juice of the other flower into her eyes, with these words:—

"Be as thou wast wont to be;
See as thou wast wont to see:
Dian's bud o'er Cupid's flower
Hath such force and blessed power.
Now, my Titania; wake you, my sweet queen."

The fairy queen immediately recovered her senses, and wondered at her foolishness.

Then Oberon took the donkey's head from off the clown, and left him to finish his nap with his own fool's head upon his shoulders.

Now that Oberon and Titania were at peace again, he told her of the lovers and their midnight quarrels in the wood. She agreed to go with him and see the end of their adventures.

The fairy king and queen found the lovers and their fair ladies at no great distance from each other sleeping on a grassplot. Puck had managed to bring them all to the same spot unknown to each other; and he had carefully removed the charm from the eyes of Lysander.

Hermia awoke first and, finding her lost Lysander asleep so near her, kept looking at him and wondering at his strange conduct. Presently Lysander opened his eyes, and seeing his dear Hermia, recovered his reason which the fairy charm had before clouded, and with his reason he recovered also his love for Hermia. They began to talk over the adventures of the night, and they wondered and wondered whether

these strange things had really happened, or they had both been dreaming the same bewildering dream.

Helena and Demetrius were by this time awake. Sweet sleep had quieted Helena's angry spirits, so she listened with delight to Demetrius, who made her believe he was sincere.

These fair night-wandering ladies became once more true friends. All the unkind words which had passed between them were forgiven. It was soon agreed that Demetrius should return to Athens to explain matters. As he was making ready, they were all surprised at the sight of Egeus, Hermia's father, who had come to the wood in search of his runaway daughter.

When Egeus understood that Demetrius would not now marry his daughter, he no longer opposed her marriage with Lysander. The cruel sentence of death which had been passed against Hermia was taken away, and she was happily married instead. On the same day Helena was married to her beloved, and now

faithful Demetrius. The wedding bells rang merrily and every living soul was happy.

The fairy king and queen, who had together watched over the whole affair, were so delighted that they celebrated the weddings of these mortals by sports and revels throughout their fairy kingdom.

And now if there are any who think this story of fairies and their pranks is too strange to be true, they have only to think that they have been asleep and dreaming a pretty, harmless Midsummer Night's Dream.

— ADAPTED.

THE GOODMAN OF BALLENGIECH

James the Fifth had a custom of going about the country disguised as a private person, in order that he might hear complaints which might otherwise not reach his ears.

When James traveled in disguise, he used a name which was known only to some of his principal nobility and attendants. He was called the Goodman (the tenant, that is) of Ballengiech. Ballengiech is a steep pass which leads down behind the castle of Stirling.

Once upon a time, King James, being alone and in disguise, fell into a quarrel with some gypsies or other vagrants, and was assaulted by four or five of them. This happened to be very near the Bridge of Cramond; so the king got on the bridge, which, as it was high and narrow, enabled him to defend himself with his sword against the number of persons by whom he was attacked.



THE KING GOT ON THE BRIDGE TO DEFEND HIMSELF.

There was a poor man threshing corn in a barn near by, who came out on hearing the noise of the scuffle, and seeing one man defending himself against numbers, gallantly took the king's part with his flail, to such good purpose that the gypsies were obliged to fly. The countryman then took the man into the barn, brought him a towel and water to wash the blood from his face and hands, and finally walked with him a little distance toward Edinburgh, in case he should again be attacked.

On the way, the king asked his companion what and who he was. The laborer answered that his name was John Howieson, and that he was a bondsman on the farm of Braehead, near Cramond, which belonged to the king of Scotland. James then asked the poor man if there was any wish in the world which he would particularly desire should be gratified; and honest John confessed that he should think himself the happiest man in Scotland were he but proprietor of the farm on which he wrought as laborer. He then asked the

king who he was, and James replied, as usual, that he was the Goodman of Ballengiech, a poor man who had a small appointment about the palace; but he added that, if John Howieson would come to see him on the next Sunday, he would endeavor to repay his manful assistance and, at least, give him the pleasure of seeing the royal apartments.

John put on his best clothes, as you may suppose, and, appearing at a postern gate of the palace, inquired for the Goodman of Ballengiech. The king had given orders that he should be admitted; and John found his friend, the goodman, in the same disguise which he had formerly worn. The king, still preserving the character of an inferior officer of the household, conducted John Howieson from one apartment of the palace to another, and was amused with his wonder and his remarks.

At length James asked the visitor if he should like to see the king; to which John answered that nothing would delight him so much, if he could do so without giving offense. The Good-

man of Ballengiech, of course, undertook that the king would not be angry. "But," said John, "how am I to know his grace from the nobles who will be all about him?" — "Easily," replied his companion; "all the others will be uncovered—the king alone will wear his hat."

So speaking, King James introduced the countryman into a great hall, which was filled by the nobility and officers of the crown. John was a little frightened and drew close to his attendant, but was still unable to distinguish the king. "I told you that you should know him by his wearing his hat," said his conductor. — "Then," said John, after he had again looked around the room, "it must be either you or me, for all but us two are bare-headed."

The king laughed at John's fancy; and, that the good yeoman might have occasion for mirth also, he made him a present of the farm at Brae-head, which he had wished so much to possess.

—SIR WALTER SCOTT.

HUNTING SONG

Waken, lords and ladies gay,
On the mountain dawns the day,
All the jolly chase is here,
With hawk, and horse, and hunting spear!
Hounds are in their couples yelling,
Hawks are whistling, horns are knelling,
Merrily, merrily, mingle they,
“Waken, lords and ladies gay.”

Waken, lords and ladies gay,
The mist has left the mountain gray,
Springlets in the dawn are steaming,
Diamonds on the brake are gleaming:
And foresters have busy been,
To track the buck in thickest green:
Now we come to chant our lay,
“Waken, lords and ladies gay.”

Waken, lords and ladies gay,
To the greenwood haste away;
We can show you where he lies,
Fleet of foot, and tall of size;

Line of
We can show the marks he made,
When 'gainst the oak his antlers frayed;
You shall see him brought to bay,
"Waken, lords and ladies gay."

Louder, louder chant the lay,
"Waken, lords and ladies gay!"
Tell them youth, and mirth, and glee,
Run a course as well as we;
Time, stern huntsman! who can balk,
Stanch as hound, and fleet as hawk;
Think of this, and rise with day,
Gentle lords and ladies gay.

—SIR WALTER SCOTT.

THE SONG OF THE WESTERN MEN

A good sword and a trusty hand!
A merry heart and true!
King James's men shall understand
What Cornish lads can do.

And have they fixed the where and when?
And shall Trelawny die?
Here's twenty thousand Cornish men
Will know the reason why!

Out spake their captain brave and bold,
 A merry wight was he :
 " If London Tower were Michael's hold,
 We'll set Trelawny free !

“And when we come to London Wall,
A pleasant sight to view,
Come forth! Come forth, ye cowards all,
Here’s men as good as you!

“Trelawny he’s in keep and hold,
Trelawny he may die ;
But, here’s twenty thousand Cornish bold
Will know the reason why !”

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A BOY'S FRIENDSHIP

PART ONE

"Get out of Mr. Fletcher's road," called Sally Watkins, from her house door.

My father and I both glanced around. The lad addressed was ragged, muddy, and miserable.

"Thee need not go out into the wet, my lad. Keep close to the wall, and there will be shelter enough both for us and thee," said my father; as he pulled my little hand-carriage into the alley, under cover from the pelting rain. The lad, with a grateful look, put out a hand likewise and pushed me farther in. A strong hand it was; roughened and browned with labor, though he was scarcely as old as I. What would I not have given to have been so stalwart and so tall!

"The rain will be over soon," I said; but doubted if he heard me. What could he be thinking of so intently?

I do not suppose my father gave a second glance or thought to the boy, whom, from a common sense of justice, he had made take shelter beside us. I saw, by the hardening of his features, and the restless way in which he poked his stick into the little water-pools, that he was longing to be in his tanyard close by. He pulled out his great silver watch.

“Twenty-three minutes lost by this shower. Phineas, my son, how am I to get thee safe home? Unless thee will go with me to the tanyard.”

I shook my head.

“Well, well, I must find some one to go home with thee. Here Sally! Sally Watkins!” said my father. “Do any of thy lads want to earn an honest penny?”

Sally was out of ear-shot; but I noticed that as the lad near us heard my father’s words, the color rushed over his face, and he started forward.

“Sir, I want work. May I earn the penny?”

Taking off his tattered old hat, the boy looked in manly, fearless fashion, right up into my father's face.

"What is thy name, lad?"

"John Halifax."

"How old might thee be, John Halifax?"

"Fourteen, sir."

"What sort of work art thee used to?"

"Anything I can do."

"Well," said my father after a pause, "thee shall take my son home, and I will give thee a groat. Shall I give thee thy groat now?" And the old man relaxed into a half smile.

"Not till I've earned it, sir."

Drawing his hand back, my father slipped the money into mine and left us. It still rained slightly, so we remained under cover. John Halifax did not attempt to talk. As soon as the rain ceased we took our way home, down the High Street, toward the Abbey church, he guiding my carriage along in silence.

"How strong you are!" said I, half sighing,



"WELL, THEE SHALL TAKE MY SON HOME."

when with a sudden pull, he had saved me from being overturned by a horseman riding past.

“Am I? Well, I shall want my strength, to earn my living.”

“What have you worked at lately?”

“Anything I could get, for I have never learned a trade.”

“Have you been up and down the country much?”

“A great deal, these last three years,” said the lad, “doing a hand’s turn as best I could, in hop-picking, apple-gathering and harvesting.”

We soon became quite sociable together. He guided me carefully out of the town, into the abbey walk, with overhanging trees. Once he stopped to pick up for me the large brown fan of a horse-chestnut leaf, saying, “It’s pretty. Isn’t it? Only it shows that autumn has come.”

“And how shall you live in the winter, when there is no out-of-door work to be had?”

The lad’s countenance fell, and he said, “I don’t know.”

“ Ah,” I cried eagerly when we left the shade of the abbey trees and crossed the street, “ here we are, at home ! ”

“ Are you ? ” The homeless lad just glanced at the flight of spotless stone steps, guarded by ponderous railings, which led to my father’s respectable and handsome door. He said, “ Good day, then—which means good-by.”

I started. The word pained me. On my sad, lonely life, this lad’s face had come like a flash of sunshine—a reflection of the merry boyhood, the youth and strength that never could be mine. To let it go from me was like going back into the dark.

“ Not good-by just yet ! ” said I, trying painfully to disengage myself from my little carriage and mount the steps. John Halifax came to my aid.

“ Suppose you let me carry you. I could—and—and it would be great fun, you know.”

He tried to turn it into a jest, so as not to hurt me ; but the tremble in his voice was as tender as

any woman's. I put my arms around his neck ; he lifted me safely and carefully ; and set me at my own door. Then, with another good-by, he again turned to go. My heart cried after him. What I said I do not remember, but it caused him to return.

"Is there anything more I can do for you, sir ? "

"Don't call me 'sir;' I am only a boy like yourself. I want you ; don't go yet. Ah, here comes my father ! "

John Halifax stood aside, and touched his cap with a respectful deference as the old man passed.

"So here thee is," said my father ; "has thee taken care of my son ? Did he give thee thy groat, my lad ? "

We had neither of us once thought of the money. When I acknowledged this, my father laughed, called John an honest lad, and began searching in his pockets for some larger coin. I ventured to draw his ear down and whisper some-

thing, but I got no answer. Meanwhile, John Halifax for the third time was going away.

“Stop, lad, here is thy groat, and a shilling added, for being kind to my son.”

“Thank you,” said John, “but I only want payment for work.” He took the groat, and put back the shilling into my father’s hand.

“Eh!” said the old man, much astonished. “Thee is an odd lad, but I can’t stay talking with thee. Come in to dinner, Phineas. I say,” turning back to John Halifax with a sudden thought, “art thou hungry?”

“Very hungry.” Nature gave way at last, and great tears came in the poor lad’s eyes. “Nearly starving.”

“Bless me! Then get in and have thy dinner. But first”—and my father held him by the shoulder—“thee works for thy living?”

“I do whenever I can get it.”

“Thee has never been in jail?”

“No!” thundered the lad, with a furious look. “I don’t want your dinner, sir. I would have

stayed because your son asked me, and he was kind to me, and I like him. Now I think I had better go. Good day, sir."

There is a verse in a very old book which runs thus :

"And it came to pass, when he had made an end of speaking unto Saul, that the soul of Jonathan was knit unto the soul of David; and Jonathan loved him as his own soul."

And this day, I, a poorer and more helpless Jonathan, had found my David. I caught him by the hand, and would not let him go.

"There, get in lads, make no more ado," said my father sharply, as he disappeared.

So, still holding my David fast, I brought him into my father's house.

PART TWO

Dinner was over; my father and I took ours in the large parlor, where the stiff, high-backed chairs eyed one another in opposite rows, across the wide oaken floor. Except the table, the

sideboard and the cuckoo clock, there was no other furniture. I dared not bring the poor wandering lad into this, my father's especial domain, but as soon as he was away to the tanyard I sent for John.

Jael brought him in; Jael, the only woman we ever had about us. There had evidently been wrath in the kitchen, for she said —

“Phineas, the lad has got his dinner, and you mustn't keep him long. I am not going to let you knock yourself up with looking after a beggar boy.”

A beggar boy! The idea seemed so ludicrous that I could not help smiling at it as I regarded him. He had washed his face and combed out his fair curls; though his clothes were threadbare, all but ragged, they were not unclean; and there was a rosy, healthy freshness in his tanned skin, which showed he loved and delighted in water. I hoped he had not heard Jael's remark, but he had.

“Madam,” said he, with a bow of perfect

good humor, and even some sly drollery, "you mistake; I never begged in my life; I'm a person of independent property, which consists of my head and my two hands, out of which I hope to realize a large capital some day."

I laughed to see him so merry. Jael retired, rather cross. John Halifax came to my easy-chair, and in an altered tone asked me how I felt, and if he could do anything for me before he went away.

"You'll not go away—not till my father comes home, at least?" For I had been revolving many plans, which had one sole aim and object, to keep near me this lad, whose companionship and help seemed to me, brotherless, sisterless, and friendless as I was, the very thing that would give me an interest in life.

My entreaty, "You'll not go away?" was so earnest that it apparently touched the friendless boy to the core.

"Thank you," he said. "You are very kind; I'll stay an hour or so, if you wish it."



JAEI RETIRED, RATHER CROSS.

"Then come and sit down here, and let us have a talk."

What this talk was I cannot now recall, save that it ranged over many and wide themes, such as boys delight in, chiefly of life and adventure. He knew nothing of my only world—books.

Jael kept coming in and out of the parlor, eying very suspiciously John Halifax and me, especially when she heard me laughing, a rare and notable fact, for mirth was not the fashion in our house, nor the tendency of my nature. Now this young lad, hardly as the world had knocked him about already, had an overflowing spirit of quiet drollery and healthy humor, which was to me an inexpressible relief. But all this was highly objectionable to Jael.

"Phineas"—and she planted herself before me at the end of the table—"it's a fine, sunshiny day. Thee ought to be out."

"I have been out, thank you, Jael." And John and I went on talking.

“Phineas”—a second and more determined attack—“too much laughing is not good for thee; and it’s time this lad were going about his own business.”

“Hush! Nonsense, Jael!”

“No—she’s right,” said John Halifax, rising, while that look of premature gravity, learned doubtless out of hard experience, chased all the boyish fun from his face. “I’ve had a merry day—thank you kindly for it; now I’ll be gone.”

Gone! It was not to be thought of—at least not till my father came home; for now, more determinedly than ever, the plan which I had just ventured to hint at to my father, fixed itself on my mind. Surely he would not refuse me—me, his sickly boy, whose life had in it so little pleasure.

“Why do you want to go? You have not any work?”

“No; I wish I had. But I’ll get some.”

“How?”

“Just by trying everything that comes to hand.

That's the only way. I never wanted bread, nor begged it yet, though I've often been rather hungry."

"Come," I said, for now I had quite made up my mind to take no denial and fear no rebuff from my father. "Cheer up! Who knows what may turn up?"

"Oh, yes, something always does; I'm not afraid." He tossed back his curls, and looked, smiling, out through the window at the blue sky.

"Come into the garden, then;" for I caught another ominous vision of Jael in the doorway, and I did not want to vex my good old nurse; besides, unlike John, I was anything but brave.

I lifted myself, and began looking for my crutches. John found and put them into my hand, with a grave, pitiful look.

"You don't need this sort of thing," I said, making pretense to laugh, for I had not grown used to them, and felt often ashamed.

"I hope you will not need them always."

"Perhaps not — Dr. Jessop isn't sure. But it

doesn't matter much."

John looked at me — surprised, troubled, compassionate — but he did not say a word. I hobbled past him, he following through the long passage to the garden door. There I paused — tired out. John Halifax took hold of my shoulder.

"I think, if you did not mind, I'm sure I could carry you. I carried a meal sack once, weighing eight stone."

I burst out laughing, which maybe was what he wanted, and forthwith consented to assume the place of the meal sack. He took me on his back. What a strong fellow he was! He fairly trotted with me down the garden walk. We were very merry both; and though I was his senior, I seemed with him, out of my great weakness and infirmity, to feel almost like a child.

Far and near, our yew hedge was noted. There was not its like in the whole country. It was about fifteen feet high and fifteen feet thick. Century after century of growth, with careful clipping and training, had compacted it into a

massive green barrier, as close as a wall.

John poked in and about it, leaning his breast against the solid depth of branches; but their close shield resisted all his strength. At length he came back to me, his face glowing with the vain efforts he had made.

“Did you want to get through?”

“I wanted just to see if it were possible.”

I shook my head. “What would you do, John, if you were shut up here, and had to get over the yew hedge? You could not climb it.”

“I know that, and therefore I should not waste time in trying.”

“Would you give up, then?”

He smiled. There was no “giving up” in that smile of his.

“I’ll tell you what I’d do. I’d begin and break it, twig by twig, till I forced my way through, and got out safe at the other side.”

“Well done, lad!” said my father; “but if it’s all the same to thee, I would rather thee did not try that experiment upon my hedge at present.”

PART THREE

My father had come behind and overheard us, unobserved. We were both somewhat confounded, though a certain grim kindliness of aspect showed that he was not displeased—nay, even a good deal amused.

My father sat down beside me on the bench and eyed John Halifax sharply all over, from top to toe.

“Didn’t thee say thee wanted work? It looks rather like it.” His glance upon the shabby clothes made the boy color violently.

“Oh, thee need not be ashamed; better men than thee have been in rags. Has thee any money?”

“The groat you gave—that is, paid me. I never take what I don’t earn,” said the lad, sticking a hand in each poor empty pocket.

“Don’t be afraid—I was not going to give thee anything—except, maybe—Would thee like some work?”

“ O sir ! ”

“ O father ! ”

I hardly know which was the more grateful cry.

My father looked surprised, but on the whole, not ill pleased. Putting on and pulling down his broad-brimmed hat, he sat meditatively for a minute or so, making circles in the gravel walk with the end of his stick.

“ Well, what work can thee do, lad ? ”

“ Anything,” was the eager answer.

“ Anything generally means nothing,” sharply said my father. “ What has thee been at all this year ? The truth, mind.”

John’s eyes flashed, but a look from mine seemed to set him right again. He said, quietly and respectfully, “ Let me think a minute, and I’ll tell you. All spring I was at a farmer’s, riding the plow horses, and hoeing turnips ; then I went up the hills with some sheep ; in June I tried haymaking, and caught a fever — you needn’t start, sir ; I’ve been well these

six weeks, or I wouldn't have come near your son. Then — ”

“That will do, lad ; I'm satisfied.”

“I shall be willing and thankful for any work you can give me.”

“ We'll see about it.”

I looked gratefully and hopefully at my father, but his next words rather modified my pleasure.

“ Phineas, one of my men at the tanyard has gone and enlisted this day. Dost thou think that this lad is fit to take the place? ”

“ Whose place, father? ”

“ Bill Watkins's.”

I had occasionally seen the said Bill Watkins, whose business it was to collect the skins which my father had bought from the farmers round about. A distinct vision presented itself to me of Bill and his disgusting cart. The idea of John Halifax in such a position was not agreeable.

“ But father — ”

He read disapproval in my looks. Alas, he

knew too well how I disliked the tanyard and all belonging to it! "Thou art a fool and the lad's another. He may go about his business."

"But, father, isn't there anything else?"

"I have nothing else, or if I had, I wouldn't give it. 'He that will not work neither shall he eat.'"

"I will work," said John sturdily. He had listened, scarcely comprehending, to my father and me. "I don't care what it is, if only it's honest work."

My father was mollified. He turned his back on me — but that I little minded — and addressed himself solely to John Halifax.

"Can thee drive?"

"That I can!" and his eyes brightened with boyish delight.

"Tut! It's only a cart — the cart with the skins. Does thee know anything of tanning?"

"No; but I can learn."

"Hey, not so fast; still, better be fast than slow. In the meantime, thee can drive the cart."

"Thank you — I'll do it well ; that is, as well as I can."

"I will take thee." Carelessly rising, he, from some kindly impulse, or else to mark the closing of the bargain, shook the boy's hand, and left in it a shilling.

"What is this for?"

"To show I have hired thee as my servant."

"Servant!" John repeated hastily and rather proudly. "Oh, yes, I understand! Well, I will try and serve you well."

My father did not notice that manly, self-dependent smile. He was too busy calculating how many more of those said shillings would be a fair equivalent for such labor as a lad, ever so much the junior of Bill Watkins, could supply. After some cogitation, he hit upon the right sum.

Having settled the question of wages, which John Halifax did not debate at all, my father left us, but turned back when halfway across the green-turfed square.

"Thee said thee had no money; there's a week

in advance, my son being witness I pay it thee ; and I can pay thee a shilling less every Saturday till we get straight."

"Very well, sir ; good afternoon, and thank you."

John took off his cap as he spoke ; my father, involuntarily almost, touched his hat in return of the salutation. Then he walked away, and we had the garden all to ourselves — we, Jonathan and his new-found David.

I did not "fall upon his neck," like the princely Hebrew to whom I have likened myself, but whom, alas ! I resembled in nothing save my loving. I grasped his hand for the first time, and, looking up at him as he stood thoughtfully by me, whispered that I was very glad.

"Thank you—so am I," said he, in a low tone. Then all his old manner returned. He threw his battered cap high up in the air, and shouted out, "Hurrah !" — a thorough boy.

And I, in my poor quavering voice, shouted too.

— DINAH MULOCK CRAIK.

SIR GALAHAD

My good blade carves the casques of men,
My tough lance thrusteth sure,
My strength is as the strength of ten,
Because my heart is pure.
The shattering trumpet shrilleth high,
The hard brands shiver on the steel,
The splintered spear shafts crack and fly,
The horse and rider reel ;
They reel, they roll in clanging lists,
And when the tide of combat stands,
Perfume and flowers fall in showers,
That lightly rain from ladies' hands.

— ALFRED TENNYSON.

A NIGHT ADVENTURE DURING THE OLD FRENCH WAR

"In finding out the enemy's plans," said Sir William Johnson to Sybrandt, "you must depend largely on Timothy Weasel."

"Timothy Weasel! Who is he?"

"What! Have you never heard of Timothy?"

"Never."

"Well, he was born in New Hampshire, but when he grew up he made a home for himself in the wild country to the west. Others followed and a small settlement was formed. One night in the dead of winter they were attacked by a party of Indians from Canada. Timothy's wife and children were burned to death; in fact, every soul in the village except Timothy was killed in the attempt to escape. Timothy was left for dead by the savages. The next day he managed to reach a neighboring settlement where his wounds finally healed.

"Since the war broke out," continued Sir William, "he has been one of the most valuable scouts in the army. He can be as wily as an Indian and he moves as quietly. He understands the Indians' language so well that when he talks with them they don't suspect that he is a white man. But I have sent for him and you will see for yourself."

As Sir William finished, Sybrandt heard a long, dry sort of grunt just outside of the door.

"That's he," exclaimed Sir William; "I know the sound! Come in, Timothy."

Timothy accordingly made his appearance, forgot his bow and said nothing. Sybrandt eyed the newcomer closely. He was a tall, wind-dried man with sharp, angular features and a complexion deeply bronzed by years of outdoor life. His scanty hair was of a sunburnt color, and his sprightly blue eyes never rested, but glanced rapidly from side to side, up and down, and here and there, as though in search of some sudden danger.

"Timothy," said Sir William, "I want to employ you to-night."

"H-e-e-m-m!" answered Timothy.

"Are you at leisure to start immediately?"

"What! Right off?"

"Aye, in less than no time."

"I guess I am."

"Have you your gun with you?"

"Just outside the door."

"And plenty of ammunition?"

"Why, what under the sun should I do with a gun and no ammunition?"

"Can you paddle a canoe so that nobody can hear you?"

"Can't I? H-e-e-m-m!"

"And you are all ready?"

"I guess so. I knew you didn't want me for nothing, and so got everything I needed."

"Have you anything to eat?"

"No; if I only stay out two or three days, I shall not want anything."

"But you are to have a companion."

Timothy grunted disapprovingly. "I'd rather go alone."

"But it is necessary that you should have a companion. This young gentleman is to go with you."

Timothy turned and subjected Sybrandt to a rigid scrutiny, with those busy eyes that seemed to run over him as quick as lightning.

"I'd rather go by myself," said Timothy again.

"That is out of the question, so say no more about it. Are you ready to go now — this very minute?"

"Yes."

Sir William explained the object of the expedition.

"But mayn't I shoot one of those Indians if he comes in my way?" asked Timothy, in a tone of great interest.

"No; you are not to fire a gun, nor to attempt any hostility whatever, except in defense of your life."

“Well, that’s what I call hard; but maybe it will please God to put our lives in danger. That’s some comfort.”

Sir William produced two Indian dresses, which he directed them to put on. Then with his own hand he painted Sybrandt’s face to look like that of an Indian—an operation not at all necessary in Timothy’s case. This done, Sir William, motioning silence, led the way cautiously to one of the gates of Ticonderoga. It was opened by a sentinel, and they proceeded swiftly and silently to the high bank in front of the fort. Through the gathering darkness they could just make out a little bark canoe moored below the bank. Sybrandt and Timothy stepped down and seated themselves flat on the bottom, each with his musket at his side and a paddle in his hand.

“Now,” said Sir William, almost in a whisper, “now, luck be with you, boys! Remember, you are to return before daylight without fail.”

“But, Sir William,” said Timothy, coaxingly,

"now, mayn't I take a pop at one of the Indians if I meet 'em?"

"I tell you no," replied the other, "unless you wish to be popped out of the world when you come back. Away with you, my boys."

Each seized his paddle, and the light feather of a boat darted away with the swiftness of a bubble in a whirlpool.

"It's plaguey hard," muttered Timothy to himself.

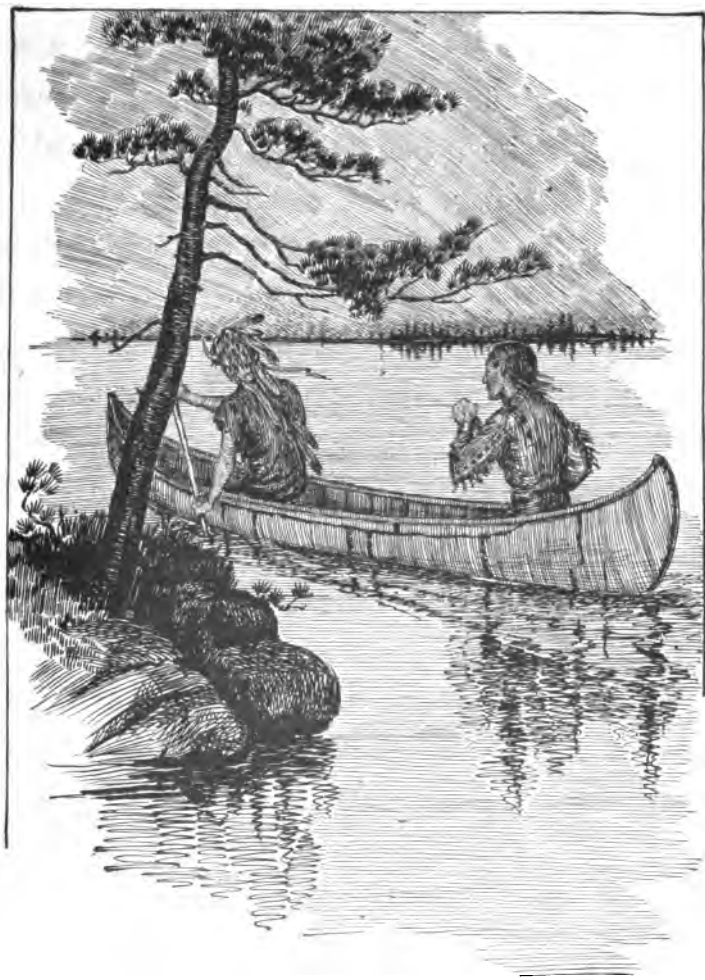
"What?" asked Sybrandt, under his breath.

"Why, not to shoot one of them if we have the chance."

"Not another word," whispered Sybrandt; "we may be overheard from the shore."

"Does he think I don't know what's what?" again muttered Timothy, plying his paddle with a swiftness and silence that Sybrandt vainly tried to equal.

The night gradually grew dark as pitch. Timothy seemed to see best in the dark. Sybrandt could make out nothing but blackness.



TIMOTHY AND SYBRANDT PADDLING DOWN THE LAKE.

“Whisht!” hissed Timothy at length; and shooting the boat out of her course with a few rapid strokes, he cowered down in the bottom. Sybrandt did the same. Suddenly he heard the measured sound of paddles dipping lightly into the water. A few minutes more and he saw five or six little lights glimmering indistinctly. Timothy raised himself suddenly, seized his gun and pointed it at one of the lights; then, recollecting Sir William, he sank down in the canoe again. In a few minutes the sound of the paddles died away and the lights disappeared.

“What was that?” whispered Sybrandt.

“The Frenchmen are turning the tables on us, I guess,” replied the other. “If that boat of Indians isn’t out spying just like ourselves, I’m farther wrong than usual.”

“What! With lights? They must be great fools.”

“It was only the fire of their pipes. The darkness made them look like so many candles. I’m thinking what a fine mark those lights would

have been. I could have peppered two or three of them if Sir William hadn't been so plaguey obstinate."

"Peppered them! Why, they were half a dozen miles off."

"They were within fifty yards! I could have broken all their pipes."

"How do you know they were Indians?"

"Did you ever hear so many Frenchmen make so little noise?"

This reply was perfectly convincing; and they went on in silence for more than an hour. Again Timothy suddenly stopped his paddle and cowered down in the bottom of the canoe. Sybrandt could discover at a distance lights glimmering and flashing for several miles, along what he supposed to be the lake.

"There they are!" whispered Timothy, exultingly. "We've treed them at last! Now, mister, let me ask you one question: will you obey my orders?"

"If I like them," said Sybrandt.

"Aye, like or no like, I must be captain — for a little time, at least."

"Very well, then."

"Can you play Indian when you are put to it?"

"I know some of their customs."

"Can you talk Indian?"

"No."

"Humph! You haven't been half educated. But come. There's no time to waste in talking Indian or English. We must get right in the midst of them. Can you creep on all fours without waking up a cricket?"

"No."

"Plague on it! I wonder what Sir William meant by sending you with me! I could have done better by myself. Are you afraid?"

"Try me."

"Well, then I must make the best of the matter. The Indians have camped out—I see by their fires. I can't stop to tell you everything, but you must keep close to me; do just as I do and say nothing, that's all."

"I am likely to play a pretty part, I see."

"Play! You'll find no play here, I guess, mister. Sit close and make no noise. If you start to sneeze or cough, take hold of your throat."

Sybrandt agreed, and Timothy proceeded toward the lights, handling his paddle with such lightness that Sybrandt could not hear the strokes. In this manner they swiftly approached the encampment until they could distinguish a confused noise of shoutings. Timothy stopped his paddle and listened:

"It is the song of the Utawas. They're in a drunken frolic, as they always are the night before going to battle. I know them, for I've popped off a few, and can talk and sing a good many of their songs. So we'll be among 'em right off. Don't forget what I told you about doing as I do and holding your tongue."

Cautiously plying his paddle, he shot in close to the shore, and made the land at some little distance, that they might avoid the sentinels.

Softly they drew up the light canoe into the bushes which skirted the water.

"Leave all behind but yourself and follow me," whispered Timothy, as he felt to see whether the muskets were well covered from the damps of the night. Then he laid himself down on his face and crawled along under the bushes with the quiet celerity of a snake in the grass.

"Must we leave our guns behind?" whispered Sybrandt.

"Yes, according to orders; but it's plaguey hard. Yet, on the whole, it's best; for if I should have a fair chance at one of these Indians, I believe in my heart my gun would go off of itself. But hush! Shut your mouth as close as a powderhorn."

After crawling some distance, Sybrandt getting well scratched by the briars and finding difficulty in keeping up, Timothy stopped short.

"Here they are," said he, in the lowest whisper.

"Where?"

“Right ahead.”

Sybrandt looked, and beheld a group of five or six Indians seated round a fire. They sat on the ground, swaying to and fro, passing around the canteen, and sometimes rudely snatching it away when they thought one was drinking more than his share. At intervals they broke out into yelling and discordant songs, filled with threats of what they would do to the redcoat long-knives on the morrow.

“If I only had my gun! Stay a moment,” whispered Timothy, as he crept cautiously toward the noisy group, which all at once became perfectly quiet, seeming to listen.

“Huh!” muttered one, who appeared by his dress to be the chief.

Timothy replied in a few Indian words, and raising himself from the ground, suddenly appeared in the midst of them. A few words were rapidly interchanged, and then Timothy brought forward his companion.

“My brother does not talk,” said Timothy.

"Is he dumb?" asked the chief of the Utawas.

"No, but he has sworn not to open his mouth till he has struck the body of a long-knife."

"Good!" said the other. "He is welcome."

After a pause he added, eying Sybrandt with suspicion, "I don't remember the young warrior. Is he of our tribe?"

"He is, but he was stolen by the Mohawks many years ago, and only returned lately."

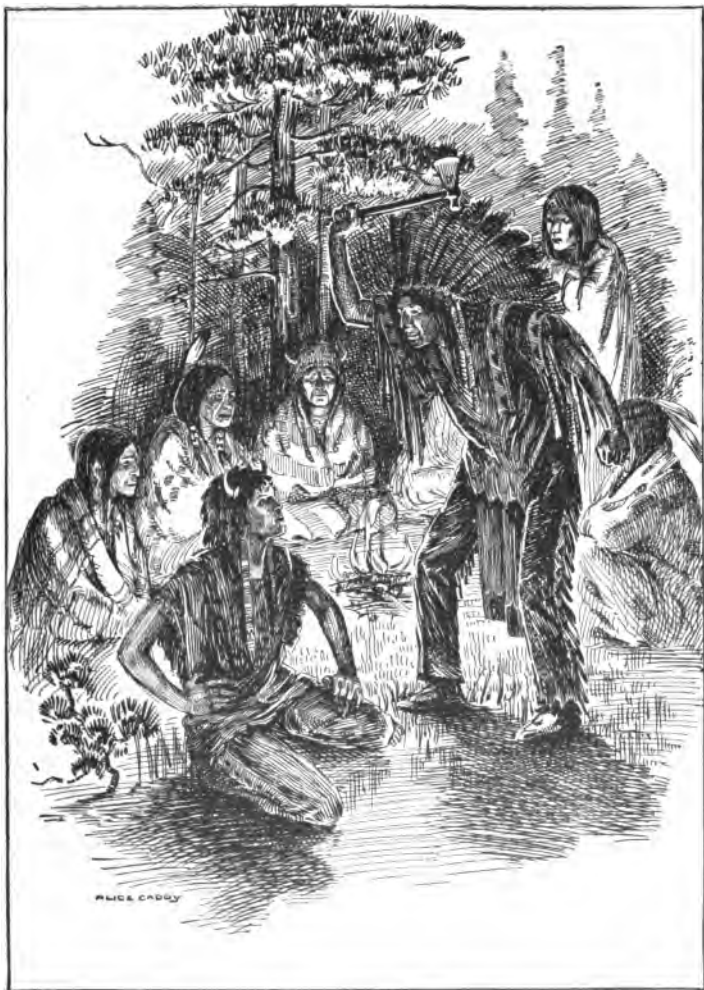
"How did he escape?"

"He killed two chiefs while they were asleep by the fire, and ran away."

"Good," said the chief of the Utawas, and for a few moments sank into a kind of stupor. Suddenly he roused himself and, grasping his tomahawk, started up, rushed toward Sybrandt, and raising his deadly weapon stood over him in the attitude of striking.

Sybrandt remained perfectly unmoved, waiting the stroke.

"Good!" said the chief again; "I am satisfied; no Utawas ever shuts his eyes at death.



SYBRANDT REMAINED UNMOVED, WAITING THE STROKE.

He is worthy to be our brother. He shall go with us to battle to-morrow."

"We have come just in time," said Timothy. "Does the white chief march against the redcoats to-morrow?"

"He does."

"Has he men enough to fight them?"

"They are like the leaves on the trees."

By degrees Timothy drew from the Utawas chief the number of the Frenchmen, the Indians and the couriers that composed the army, the time when they were to commence their march, the course they were to take, and the plan of attack. By the time he had finished, the whole party, with the exception of Timothy, Sybrandt and the chief, were fast asleep. A few minutes after, the two former pretended to be in the same state and began to snore lustily. The Utawas chief nodded from side to side, sank down like a log, and remained insensible to everything around him in the sleep of drunkenness.

Timothy lay motionless for a while. Then he

turned over and rolled about from side to side, managing to strike against each of the party in succession. They remained fast asleep. Cautiously he raised himself; Sybrandt did the same. In a moment Timothy was down again, and Sybrandt followed his example without knowing why, until he heard men approaching — two officers of rank. They halted near the waning fire, and one said to the other in French :

“The beasts are all asleep ; it is time to wake them. Our spies have come back, and we must march.”

“Not yet,” replied the other ; “let them sleep an hour longer, and they will wake sober.”

They passed on. When their footsteps were no longer heard, Timothy again raised himself, motioning Sybrandt to lie still. After making sure that the Indians were still fast asleep, he proceeded with wonderful dexterity and silence to shake the priming from each of the guns. After this he took their powder horns and emptied them. Then, seizing the tomahawk of

the Utawas chief, which had dropped from his hand, Timothy stood over the sleeping Indian. For a moment he seemed about to take this chance of killing an enemy. But his duty to Sir William triumphed, and he dropped the tomahawk. Motioning Sybrandt, he crawled away as quietly and quickly as he had come. They launched their canoe and plied their paddles with might and main.

"The morning breeze is springing up," said Timothy, "and it will soon be daylight. We must keep busy."

Busy they were, and swiftly did the light canoe slide over the waves, leaving scarcely a wake behind her. As they turned the angle which hid the encampment from their view Timothy ventured to speak a little above his breath.

"It's lucky for us that the boat we passed coming down has gone back, for it's growing light fast. I'm only sorry for one thing."

"What's that?" asked Sybrandt.

"That I let that drunken Utawas alone. If

Sir William hadn't ordered against it, he'd have been stone dead in a twinkling, I guess."

"And you, too, I guess," said Sybrandt. "You would have been overtaken and killed."

"Who? I? I must be a poor creature if I can't dodge half a dozen drunken Indians."

A few hours brought them safely within sight of Ticonderoga. As they struck the foot of the high bluff, the sun just tipped the peaks of the high mountains rising toward the west.

Timothy shook hands with Sybrandt.

"You're a hearty lad," said he, "and I'll tell Sir William how you looked at that Utawas' tomahawk as if it had been an old pipestem."

—FROM JAMES KIRKE PAULDING.

EDITH OF SCOTLAND

THE GIRL OF THE NORMAN ABBEY

On a broad and deep window seat in the old Abbey guest-house at Gloucester, sat two beautiful young girls. Before them stood a manly young fellow of sixteen. The three were in earnest conversation, all unmindful of the noise about them — the romp and riot of a throng of young folk, followers of the knights and barons of King William's court.

For William Rufus, son of the Conqueror and second Norman king of England, held his summer council in the great chapter house of the old Benedictine Abbey; while the court was lodged in the Abbey guest-houses, in the grim and fortress-like Gloucester Castle, and in the houses of the quaint old town itself.

The boy was shaking his head rather doubtfully, as he stood looking down upon the two girls on the broad window seat.



THE THREE WERE IN EARNEST CONVERSATION.

“Nay, nay, shake not your head like that!” exclaimed the younger of the girls. “We did escape that way, trust me we did; Edith here can tell you I do speak the truth; for ’twas her device.”

Edith laughed merrily enough at her sister’s perplexity, and said gayly as the lad turned questioningly to her:

“It is plain to see that you are Southron-born and know not the complexion of a Scottish mist. Yet ’tis even as Mary said. For, as we have told you, the Maiden’s Castle standeth high on the crag in Edwin’s Burgh, and hath many and devious pathways to the lower gate. So when the Red Donald’s men were swarming up the steep, my Uncle Edgar did guide us by twists and turnings through Red Donald’s array, and all unseen and unnoted of them, because of the blessed thickness of the gathering mist.”

“And this was your device?” asked the boy, admiringly.

“Aye, but any one might have devised it, too,”

replied young Edith, modestly. "'Twas no great device to use a Scotch mist for our safety, and 'twere wiser to chance it than stay and be stupidly murdered by Red Donald's men. And so it was, good Robert, even as Mary did say, that we came forth unharmed from amidst them, and fled here to King William's court, where we at last are safe."

"Safe, say you! Safe!" exclaimed the lad, impulsively. "Aye, as safe as is a mouse's nest in a cat's ear—as safe as is a rabbit in a ferret's hutch. But that I know you to be a brave and dauntless maid, I should say to you—"

But, ere Edith could know what he would say, their conference was rudely broken in upon. For a royal page, dashing up to the three, with scant courtesy seized the arm of the elder girl, and said hurriedly :

"Haste ye! Haste ye, my lady! Our lord king is even now calling for you to come before him in the banquet hall."

Edith knew too well the rough manners of

those dangerous days. She freed herself from the grasp of the page, and said:

“Nay, that may I not, master page. ’Tis neither safe nor seemly for a maid to show herself in baron’s hall or in king’s banquet room.”

“Safe and seemly it may not be, but come you must,” said the page, rudely. “The king demands it.”

And so, hurried along whether she would or no, while her friend, Robert Fitz Godwine, accompanied her as far as he dared, the young Princess Edith was speedily brought into the presence of the king of England, William II, called from the color of his hair and from his fiery temper, Rufus, or “the Red.”

For Edith and Mary were both princesses of Scotland, with a history, even before they had reached their teens, as romantic as it was exciting. Their mother, an exiled Saxon princess, had found refuge in Scotland, and had there married King Malcolm. When King Malcolm had fallen beneath the walls of Alnwick Castle,

his fierce brother, Donald the Red, usurped the throne of Scotland. The good Queen Margaret died, and the five orphan children were only saved from their bad uncle Donald by the shrewd and daring device of the young Princess Edith. She asked their good uncle, Edgar the Atheling, to guide them, under cover of the mist, straight through the Red Donald's knights and spearmen, to England and safety.

You would naturally suppose that the worst possible place for the fugitives to seek safety was in England; for the children of King Malcolm and Queen Margaret, half Scotch, half Saxon, were by blood and birth of the two races most hateful to the Red King. But he, in his rough sort of way, hot to-day and cold to-morrow, had shown something almost like friendship for their good Uncle Edgar, who might have been king of England had he not wisely submitted to the greater power of Duke William the Conqueror and to the Red William, his son.

So, when this wandering uncle boldly came,

with his homeless nephews and nieces, straight to the Norman court for safety, King William Rufus not only received them with favor and royal welcome, but gave them comfortable lodgment in quaint old Gloucester town, where he held his court.

But even when the royal fugitives deemed themselves safest, they were in the greatest danger. Among the attendant knights and nobles of King William's court was a Saxon knight known as Sir Ordgar. Those who change their opinions often prove the most unrelenting enemies of their former associates; and it came to pass that Sir Ordgar the Saxon conceived a strong dislike for these orphaned descendants of the Saxon kings. He was convinced that the best way to secure himself in the good graces of the Norman King William was to slander and accuse the children of the Saxon Queen Margaret.

And so that very day, in the great hall, when wine was flowing and passions were strong, this

false knight, raising his glass, bade them all drink: "Confusion to the enemies of our liege the king, from the base Philip of France to the baser Edgar the Atheling and his Scottish brats!"

This was an insult that even the heavy and peace-loving nature of Edgar the Atheling could not brook. He sprang to his feet and denounced the charge:

"None here is truer to you, lord king," he said, "than am I, Edgar the Atheling, and my charges, your guests."

But King William Rufus was of that changing temper that goes with jealousy and suspicion. His flushed face grew still more red, and turning away from the Saxon prince, he demanded:

"Why make you this charge, Sir Ordgar?"

"Because of its truth," said the faithless knight. "For what other cause hath this false Atheling sought sanctuary here, save to use his own descent from the ancient kings of this realm to make head and force among your lieges? And

his eldest kinsgirl here, the Princess Edith, hath she not been spreading a story among the younger folk, of how some old fortune teller hath said that she who is the daughter of kings shall be the wife and mother of kings? And is it not further true that when her aunt, the Abbess of Romsey, bade her wear the holy veil, she hath again and yet again torn it off, and affirmed that she, who was to be a queen, could never be made a nun? Children and fools, 'tis said, do speak the truth, and in all things do I see the malice and device of this false Atheling, and I do brand him here, in this presence, as traitor to you, his lord."

The anger of the jealous king grew more unreasoning as Sir Ordgar went on.

"Enough!" he cried. "Seize the traitor — or, stay; children and fools, as you have said, Sir Ordgar, do indeed speak the truth. Have in the girl and let us hear the truth. 'Not seemly?' Sir Atheling," he broke out in reply to some protest of Edith's uncle. "Aught is seemly that the king doth wish. Holo! Raoul! Damian! Sirrah,

page ! Run, one of you, and seek the Princess Edith, and bring her here forthwith ! ”

And while Edgar the Atheling, realizing that this was the gravest of all his dangers, strove, though without effect, to reason with the angry king, Damian the page hurried, as we have seen, after the Princess Edith.

“ How now, mistress ? ” broke out the Red King, as the young girl was ushered into the banquet hall, where the disordered tables, strewn with fragments of the feast, showed the ungentle manners of those brutal days. “ How now, mistress ? Do you talk of kings and queens and of your own designs — you, who are but a beggar guest ? Is it seemly or is it wise — nay, keep you quiet, Sir Atheling, we will have naught from you — to talk of thrones and crowns as if you did even now hope to win the realm from me — from me, your only protector ? ”

The Princess Edith was a very high-spirited maiden, as all the stories of her girlhood show. And this unexpected accusation, instead of fright-

ening her, only served to embolden her. She looked the angry monarch full in the face.

"'Tis a false and lying charge, lord king," she said, "from whomsoever it may come. Naught have I said but praise of you and your courtesy to us motherless folk. 'Tis a false and lying charge; and I am ready to stand test of its proving, come what may."

"Even to the judgment of God, girl?" demanded the king.

And the brave girl made instant reply, "Even to the judgment of God, lord king." Then, skilled in all the customs of those warlike times, she drew off her glove. "Whosoever my accuser be, lord king," she said, "I do denounce him as false; and thus do I throw myself upon God's good mercy, if it shall please Him to raise me up a champion." And she flung her glove upon the floor of the hall, before the king and all his barons.

It was a bold thing for a girl to do, and a murmur of applause ran through even that un-



"TIS A FALSE AND LYING CHARGE."

friendly throng. For, to stand the test of a "wager of battle," or the "judgment of God," as the savage contest was called, was the last resort of any one accused of treason or of crime. It meant no less than a duel to the death between the accuser and the accused, or their accepted champions. And the Princess Edith's glove, lying on the floor of the Abbey hall, was her assertion that she had spoken the truth and was willing to risk her life in proof of her innocence.

Edgar the Atheling, peace lover though he was, would gladly have accepted the post of champion for his niece, but as one also involved in the charge of treason, such action was denied him. For the moment, the Red King's admiration for this brave young princess caused him to waver; but those were days when suspicion and jealousy rose above all nobler traits. His face grew stern again.

"Ordgar of Oxford," he said, "take up the glove!" and Edith knew who was her accuser.

Then the king asked, "Who standeth as champion for Edgar the Atheling and this maid, his niece?"

Almost before the words were spoken, young Robert Fitz Godwine had sprung to Edith's side.

"That would I, lord king, if a young squire might appear against a belted knight!"

"Ordgar of Oxford fights not with boys!" said the accuser, contemptuously.

The king's savage humor broke out again.

"Face him with your own page, Sir Ordgar," he said, with a grim laugh. "Boy against boy would be a fitting wager for a young maid's life."

But the Saxon knight was in no mood for sport.

"Nay, this is no child's play," he said. "I care naught for this girl. I stand as champion for the king against yon traitor Atheling; and if the maiden's cause is his, why then against her, too. This is a man's quarrel."

Young Robert would have spoken yet again as his face flushed hot with anger at the knight's contemptuous words. But a firm hand was laid upon his shoulder, and a strong voice said :

“Then is it mine, Sir Ordgar. If between man and man, then will I, with the gracious permission of our lord the king, stand as champion for this maiden here and for my good lord, the noble Atheling, whose man am I, next to you, lord king.” And, taking the mate to the glove which the Princess Edith had flung down in defiance, he thrust it into the guard of his iron skullcap, in token that he, Godwine of Winchester, the father of the boy Robert, was the young girl's champion.

Three days after, in the tiltyard of Gloucester Castle, the wager of battle was fought. It was no gay tournament show with streaming banners, gorgeous lists, gayly dressed ladies, flower-bedecked balconies, and all the splendid display of a tourney of the knights, of which you read in the stories of romance and chivalry. It was

a solemn and somber gathering in which all the arrangements suggested only death and gloom, while the accused waited in suspense, knowing that halter and fagot were prepared for them should their champion fall.

In quaint and crabbed Latin the old chronicler, John of Fordun, tells the story of the fight, for which there is no space here. The glove of each contestant was flung into the lists by the judge, and the dispute committed for settlement to the power of God and their own good swords. It is a stirring picture of those days of daring and of might, when force took the place of justice, and the deadliest blows were the most convincing arguments.

But though supported by the favor of the king and the display of splendid armor, Ordgar's treachery had its just reward. Virtue triumphed and vice was punished. Even while treacherously endeavoring (after being once disarmed), to stab the brave Godwine with a knife which he had concealed in his boot, the false Sir Ord-

gar was overcome, confessed the falsehood of his charge against Edgar the Atheling and Edith his niece, and died.

So young Edith was saved; and as is usually the case with men of his character, the Red King's humor changed completely. The victorious Godwine received the arms and lands of the dead Ordgar; Edgar the Atheling was raised high in trust and honor; the throne of Scotland, wrested from the Red Donald, was placed once more in the family of King Malcolm, and King William Rufus himself became the guardian and protector of the Princess Edith.

And when, one fatal August day, the Red King was found pierced by an arrow, under the trees of the New Forest, his younger brother, Duke Henry, ascended the throne of England as King Henry I. And the very year of his accession, on the 11th of November, 1100, he married, in the Abbey of Westminster, the Princess Edith of Scotland, then a fair young lady of scarce twenty-one. At the request of her

husband she took, upon her coronation day, the Norman name of Maud, and by this name she is known in history.

She was a good queen. In a time when the common people were but the slaves of the haughty and cruel barons, this young queen labored to bring in kindlier manners and more gentle ways. Beautiful in face, she was still more lovely in heart and life. Her influence upon her husband, Henry the scholar, was seen in the wise laws he made.

The "Charter of King Henry" is said to have been gained by her intercession. This important paper was the first step toward popular liberty. It led the way to our own Declaration of Independence. The boys and girls of America, therefore, in common with those of England, can look back with interest and affection upon the romantic story of "Good Queen Maud."

—FROM E. S. BROOKS.

OPPORTUNITY

This I beheld, or dreamed it in a dream :—
There spread a cloud of dust along a plain;
And underneath the cloud, or in it, raged
A furious battle, and men yelled, and swords
Shocked upon swords and shields. A prince's banner
Wavered, then staggered backward, hemmed by foes,
A craven hung along the battle's edge,
And thought, "Had I a sword of keener steel—
That blue blade that the king's son bears,—but this
Blunt thing—!" he snapt and flung it from his hand,
And lowering crept away and left the field,
Then came the king's son, wounded, sore bestead,
And weaponless, and saw the broken sword,
Hilt-buried in the dry and trodden sand,
And ran and snatched it, and with battle-shout
Lifted afresh he hewed his enemy down,
And saved a great cause that heroic day.

— EDWARD ROWLAND SILL.

RULES OF BEHAVIOR

Every action in company ought to be with some sign of respect to those present.

In the presence of others, sing not to yourself with a humming noise, nor drum with your fingers or feet.

Listen when others speak ; sit not when others stand ; speak not when you should hold your peace.

Turn not your back to others, especially in speaking ; jog not the table or ~~desk~~ on which another reads or writes ; lean not on any one.

Be no flatterer ; neither play with any one that delights not to be played with.

Read no letters, books, or papers in company ; but when there is a necessity for doing it, you must ask leave. Come not near the books or writings of any one so as to read them, unless desired, nor give your opinion of them unasked ; also, look not nigh when another is writing a letter.

Show not yourself glad at the misfortune of another though he were your enemy.

Let your discourse with men of business be short and comprehensive; with men of station, respectful, and by no means inquisitive.

In visiting the sick, do not play the physician, if you be not knowing therein.

In writing or speaking, give to every person his due title, according to his degree and the custom of the place.

Strive not with your superiors in argument, but always submit your judgment to others with modesty.

Undertake not to teach your equal in the art he professes; it savors of arrogance.

When a man does all he can, though it succeeds not well, blame not him that did it.

Being about to advise or reprehend any one, consider whether it ought to be in public or in private, presently or at some other time; in what terms to do it; and, in reproving, show no signs of choler, but do it with sweetness and mildness.

Take all admonitions thankfully, in what time or place soever given; but afterward, not being culpable, take a time or place convenient to let him know it that gave the admonition.

Mock not nor jest at anything of importance; break no jests that are sharp or biting; and if you deliver anything witty and pleasant abstain from laughing thereat yourself.

Wherein you reprove another, be unblamable yourself; for example is more prevalent than precept.

Use no reproachful language against any one, neither curse nor revile.

Be not hasty to believe flying reports to the disparagement of any.

In your apparel, be modest, and endeavor to accommodate nature, rather than to procure admiration; keep to the fashions of your equals, and such as are proper with respect to times and places.

Play not the peacock, looking everywhere about you to see if you are well decked, if your shoes fit

well, if your stockings fit neatly, or clothes handsomely.

Associate yourself with men of good character, and remember that it is better to be alone than in bad company.

Let your conversation be without malice or envy, for it is a sign of a tractable and commendable nature; and in all causes of passion, admit reason to govern. . . .

— GEORGE WASHINGTON.

A NEW LEAF

Here's the volume: stain nor blot

Mars a leaf to-day;

Sin and folly, they are not;

Sorrow is away.

Look! each page is white and clear,

And 'tis morning of the year.

In the days that swiftly run

This will not be mute:

Good or evil said or done,

Sweet or bitter fruit,

What shall be the record, dear,

At the evening of the year?

— INA COOLBRITH.

THE SOLDIER AND THE PANTHER

Once when the French army was in Egypt, a soldier was captured by the Bedouins. All day long they took him across the desert, and they did not halt until after nightfall. Then they camped about a well, shaded with palm trees, near which they had buried a stock of provisions. Not dreaming that the thought of escape could enter their captive's mind, they merely bound his wrists, and after eating a few dates and giving their horses some barley, they lay down to sleep.

When the bold soldier saw his enemies too soundly asleep to watch him, he used his teeth to pick up a scimitar. Steadying the blade with his knees, he cut through the cord which bound his hands. At once he seized a gun and a poniard, a supply of dates, a small bag of barley and some powder and ball. He buckled on a scimitar, mounted one of the horses, and spurred in the direction of the French army. In his haste, he

pressed the wearied horse so severely that the poor animal fell dead, leaving the Frenchman alone in the midst of the desert.

After walking through the sand all day long, the soldier was forced to stop. The sun had set, and though the Eastern night was beautiful, he was too tired to go on. Luckily he had reached a slight elevation, at the top of which a few palm trees shot upward. Here he threw himself down on a rock and slept heavily, without taking the least precaution to protect himself while asleep.

He was awakened by the sun, for he had thoughtlessly flung himself down on the side opposite the shadow of the palm trees. He counted those solitary trunks. Then he gazed at the scene around him, and despair settled upon his heart. He saw a boundless ocean. As far as he could see, the sands of the desert stretched away in all directions. They glittered like a steel blade shining in the sun. A hot vapor swept over them in waves. Sky and earth seemed both

on fire. There was no sound, no motion — not a cloud in the sky, not a breath in the air.

The soldier clasped the trunk of a palm tree as if it were a friend. Sheltered from the sun by its slender shadow, he wept. Then he shouted with all his might, but his voice sounded far off and returned no echo.

Then he went down the little hill on the side opposite to that by which he had gone up the night before. His joy was great when he found a natural cave. The remnants of a mat showed that the place had once been inhabited, and close to the entrance were a few palm trees loaded with fruit. He now hoped to live until some one should pass that way. He shook down a cluster of the ripe dates. He tasted them. They were good. From the gloom of despair he passed to a joy that was half insane.

He ran back to the top of the hill, and busied himself for the rest of the day in cutting down a dead tree. Foreseeing that the wild beasts of the desert would come to drink at a spring which

bubbled through the sand at the foot of the rock, he resolved to protect his cave by felling a tree across the entrance. Although he succeeded in bringing a palm tree down, he was unable to cut it in pieces during the day. So the entrance to his cave was unprotected when, tired with his work and by the heat of the day, he fell asleep beneath its red vault.

In the middle of the night his sleep was broken by a strange noise. He sat up. A terrible fear numbed his heart. He felt his hair rise on end, as his eyes beheld through the darkness two faint amber lights. By degrees he saw, within two feet of him, a huge beast lying at rest.

Was it a lion? Was it a tiger? Was it a crocodile? The soldier could not tell. He did not dare to make the slightest movement. A strong odor, like that of foxes, only far more penetrating, filled the cave. When the soldier smelled it, his fear became terror. He could no longer doubt the nature of his terrible companion. Before long, the moon, as it sank to the

horizon, lighted up the den and gleamed upon the shining, spotted skin of a panther.

The lion of Egypt lay curled up asleep. Its eyes, which had opened for a moment, were now closed; its head was turned towards the Frenchman. A hundred conflicting thoughts rushed through his mind. Should he kill it with a shot from his musket? But he saw that there was no room to take aim; the muzzle would extend beyond the animal. Suppose he were to wake it? The fear kept him motionless.

Twice he put his hand on his scimitar, with the idea of striking off the head of his enemy; but the difficulty of cutting through the close-haired skin made him give up the bold attempt. Suppose he missed his aim. It would, he knew, be certain death. He resolved to await the dawn. It was not long in coming. As daylight broke, the Frenchman was able to examine the animal. Its jaws were stained with blood.

“It has eaten a good meal,” thought he. “It will not be hungry when it wakes.”

It was a beautiful animal. The fur on the under side of its body was of sparkling whiteness. Several little spots like velvet made pretty bracelets round its paws. The muscular tail was also white, with black rings toward the end. The fur of the back, yellow as gold and very soft and glossy, was marked with rose-shaped spots. The great cat lay peacefully snoring, in an attitude as easy and graceful as that of a cat on the cushions of a sofa. Her bloody paws were stretched beyond her head, which lay upon them; and her few whiskers shimmered in the early light like silver wires.

If he had seen her in a cage, the soldier would have admired the creature's grace, but as it was, his courage oozed away. And yet, a bold thought entered his mind, and checked the cold sweat which was rolling from his brow. Roused to action, he resolved to play his part with honor to the last.

"Yesterday," he said, "the Arabs might have killed me."

Regarding himself as dead, he waited bravely, but with anxious curiosity, for his enemy to wake. When the sun rose, the panther suddenly opened her eyes. Then she stretched her paws violently, as if to limber them. Presently she yawned, showing her teeth, and her cloven tongue, rough as a grater.

"She is a graceful creature," thought the Frenchman, watching her as she rolled and turned on her side. She licked the blood from her paws, and rubbed her head with another pretty gesture.

"Well done! Dress yourself prettily," said the Frenchman, his gayety returning with his courage. "We are going to bid each other good morning." And he felt for the short poniard which he had taken from the Bedouins.

At this instant the panther turned her head towards the Frenchman and looked at him fixedly, without moving. Her clear, steely eyes made the soldier shudder. The beast moved towards him; he looked at her caressingly, hop-

ing to soothe her. He let her come quite close to him before he stirred; then, with a gentle touch, he passed his hand over her back. The creature drew up her tail, her eyes softened. When for the third time the Frenchman caressed her, she began to purr as a cat does to show pleasure, but so loudly that the sound echoed through the grotto. The soldier redoubled his caresses until they had completely soothed and lulled the beast.

When he felt that he had subdued the ferocity of his companion, he rose to leave the grotto. The panther let him go; but as soon as he reached the top of the little hill she bounded after him and rubbed against his legs, arching her back like a domestic cat. Then looking at her guest with an eye that was growing less fierce, she uttered the savage cry which has been compared to the noise of a saw.

“Her ladyship is exacting,” cried the Frenchman, smiling.

He began to play with her ears and stroke her body, and at last he scratched her head.

Encouraged by success, he tickled her skull with the point of his dagger, looking for the right spot at which to stab her, but the hardness of the bone made him afraid to attempt it lest he fail.

The sultana of the desert acknowledged the attentions of her slave by lifting her head and swaying her neck to his caresses. The Frenchman suddenly perceived that he could kill the fierce princess at a blow, if he struck her in the throat. He had raised the weapon, when the panther threw herself gracefully at his feet, glancing up at him with a look of kindness.

The poor soldier ate his dates leaning against a palm tree. Each time that he threw away a date stone, the panther eyed the spot where it fell with an expression of keen distrust, and then looked at the Frenchman carefully. When the man had finished his meager meal, she licked his shoes, and, with her rough and powerful tongue, wiped off the dust which was caked into the folds of the leather.

“But how will it be when she is hungry?” thought the soldier.

He shuddered, but his attention was attracted by the proportions of the animal, and he began to measure them with his eye. She was three feet in height to the shoulder, and four feet long, not including the tail. That powerful weapon, which was round as a club, measured three feet in length. The face, as large as that of a lioness, wore an expression of crafty intelligence. As the soldier watched her, she looked up at him with a kind of merriment. She had quenched her thirst for blood, and now wished for play.

The Frenchman tried to come and go, and to accustom her to his movements. The panther left him free, as if contented to follow him with her eyes, seeming, however, less like a faithful dog watching his master's movements with affection, than like a huge Angora cat uneasy and suspicious of them. A few steps brought him to the spring, where he saw the carcass of his

horse, which the panther had evidently carried there. Only two thirds had been eaten. The sight reassured the Frenchman, for it explained the absence of his terrible companion and the forbearance shown to him while asleep.

This first good luck encouraged the reckless soldier. The wild idea of living on good terms with the panther until he had some chance of escape entered his mind; and he resolved to try every means of taming her. With these thoughts he returned to her side, and noticed joyfully that she moved her tail slightly. He sat down beside her fearlessly, and they began to play together. He patted her paws and her nose, twisted her ears, threw her over on her back, and stroked her. She made no objection; and when he began to smooth the fur of her paws, she carefully drew in her claws, which were sharp and curved like a Damascus blade. The Frenchman kept one hand on his dagger, again watching his opportunity to kill the trustful panther. But he felt in his heart that it

would be cruel to destroy so kindly a creature. He even fancied that he had found a friend in the limitless desert.

Suddenly he thought of naming the panther and teaching her to answer when he called. Towards evening he had grown so familiar with his perilous position that he was half in love with its dangers. And his companion was so far tamed that she had caught the habit of turning to him when he called, "Mignonne!"

As the sun went down, Mignonne uttered at intervals a prolonged, deep, melancholy cry.

"Come, my pretty friend, I will let you go to sleep first," said the soldier, relying on the activity of his legs to get away as soon as she fell asleep, and trusting to find some other resting place for the night.

He waited anxiously for the right moment, and when it came he started rapidly in the direction of the Nile. But he had hurried through the sand scarcely half an hour before he heard the panther bounding after him, giv-



HE HEARD THE PANTHER BOUNDING AFTER HIM.

ing at intervals the saw-like cry which was more terrible to hear than the thud of her bounds.

Suddenly he fell into one of the treacherous quicksands which deceive the traveler in the desert, and from which there is seldom any escape. He felt that he was sinking, and he uttered a cry of despair. The panther seized him by the collar with her teeth, and sprang vigorously backward, drawing him like magic from the sucking sand.

“Ah, Mignonne!” cried the soldier. “We belong to each other now — for life or for death. But play me no tricks,” he added, as he turned back the way he came.

From that moment the desert was, as it were, peopled for him. It held a being to whom he could talk, and whose ferocity was now lulled into gentleness, although he could scarcely explain to himself the reasons for this extraordinary friendship. Throwing himself down on the floor of the grotto, he slept soundly. When he woke, the panther was gone. He mounted the

little hill to scan the horizon, and perceived her in the far distance returning with the long bounds peculiar to these animals.

Mignonne came home with bloody jaws, and received the caresses which her slave hastened to pay, all the while showing her pleasure by repeated purring. Her eyes, now soft and gentle, rested kindly on the Frenchman, who spoke to her lovingly as he would to a domestic animal.

“Ah, Mignonne, you like to be petted! Don't you? Aren't you ashamed of yourself? You have been eating up an Arab, I'm afraid. But don't you go to eating Frenchmen; remember that! If you do, I shall not love you any more.”

She played with her master; she would let him roll her over and pat her. Sometimes she would coax him to play by laying a paw upon his knee with a pretty, appealing gesture.

Several days passed rapidly. The soldier began to enjoy his desert life. He had enough to eat, and he had a companion. He began to see the sublime beauties of the desert. For

hours he lay in the shade of the palm trees, gazing at the fleeting clouds and watching for those rare visitors, the birds. He even rejoiced in the grandeur of the storms, when they rolled across the vast plains and tossed the sand upward until it looked like a dry, red fog.

He grew fondly attached to his panther; for he was a man who needed friendship. She showed no sign of attacking him, and became so tame that he soon felt no fear of her. He spent much of his time in dozing; though constantly watchful, lest he should miss some chance to escape. He had made his shirt into a banner and tied it to the top of a leafless palm tree. He kept the flag extended by fastening the corners with twigs and wedges; for the fitful wind might have failed to wave it at the moment when the longed-for traveler came in sight.

Nevertheless, there were long hours of gloom when hope forsook him; and then he played with his panther. Mignonne no longer growled when he caught the tuft of her dangerous tail and

counted the black and white rings. He loved to watch her as she gamboled at play. He admired the flexible body as she bounded, crept and glided, or clung to the trunk of a palm tree as she rolled over and over, crouching sometimes to the ground and gathering herself together for a vigorous spring. Yet, however vigorous the bound, however slippery the rock on which she landed, she would stop short, motionless, at the one word, "Mignonne."

One day, under a dazzling sun, a large bird hovered in the sky. The Frenchman left his panther, to watch the new guest. After a moment's pause the neglected sultana uttered a low growl.

The soldier started. "I really believe she is jealous," he exclaimed.

The eagle disappeared. The panther and the soldier gazed at each other. She trembled with delight, as she felt the nails of her friend scratching the strong bones of her skull. Her eyes glittered like flashes of lightning, and then she closed them tightly.

“The creature has a soul!” cried the soldier.

He began to play with the panther's tail, when suddenly he must have hurt her, for she turned upon him as if she had gone mad, and seized his thigh with her sharp teeth, and yet (as he afterwards remembered) not cruelly. Thinking that she meant to devour him, he plunged his dagger into her throat. The panther rolled over with a cry that froze his soul. She looked at him in her death struggle, but without anger. He would have given all the world — all, everything — to have brought her back to life. It was as if he had murdered a friend, a human being. When the soldiers who saw his flag came to his rescue, they found him weeping.

Restored to his regiment, he went through the wars in Germany, Spain, Russia and France. He rose to a very high rank. But he never ceased to regret the death of his desert companion.

— FROM BALZAC.

THE SANDPIPER

Across the narrow beach we flit,
One little sandpiper and I;
And fast I gather, bit by bit,
The scattered driftwood, bleached and dry.
The wild waves reach their hands for it,
The wild wind raves, the tide runs high,
As up and down the beach we flit,—
One little sandpiper and I.

Above our heads the sullen clouds
Scud black and swift across the sky;
Like silent ghosts in misty shrouds
Stand out the white lighthouses high.
Almost as far as eye can reach
I see the close-reefed vessels fly,
As fast we flit along the beach,—
One little sandpiper and I.

I watch him as he skims along,
Uttering his sweet and mournful cry;
He starts not at my fitful song,
Or flash of fluttering drapery.
He has no thought of any wrong,
He scans me with a fearless eye;
Staunch friends are we, well tried and strong,
The little sandpiper and I.

Comrade, where wilt thou be to-night
When the loosed storm breaks furiously?
My driftwood fire will burn so bright!
To what warm shelter canst thou fly?
I do not fear for thee, though wroth
The tempest rushes through the sky;
For are we not God's children both,
Thou, little sandpiper, and I?

— CELIA LEIGHTON THAXTER.

THE YOUNG PAINTER

In the city of Florence, not far from the *Piazza del Gran Duca*, there runs a little cross street. I think it is called *Porta Rosa*. In this street, in front of a kind of market hall, there lies a pig artistically fashioned of metal. Formerly fresh clear water burst from the jaws of the creature, which have become a blackish-green from age; only the snout shines as if it had been polished; and indeed it has been, by many hundreds of children and *lazzaroni* who would seize it with their hands, and place their mouths close to the mouth of the animal to drink. It must have been a perfect picture to see the well-shaped creature clasped by a half-naked boy, his red lips pressed against its jaws.

Every one who comes to Florence can easily find the place; he need only ask the first beggar he meets for the metal pig, and he will find it.

It was late on a winter evening. The mountains were covered with snow; but the moon shone, and moonlight in Italy is just as good as the light of a murky northern winter's day; nay, it is better, for the air shines and lifts us up, while in the north the cold gray leaden covering seems to press us downwards to the earth.

In the garden of the grand duke's palace, under a penthouse roof, where a thousand roses bloom in winter, a little ragged boy had been sitting all day long. He was hungry and thirsty, but no one gave him anything; and when it became dark, and the garden was to be closed, the porter turned him out. Long he stood musing on the bridge that spans the Arno, and looked at the stars, whose light glittered in the water between him and the splendid marble bridge *Santa Trinità*.

He took the way towards the metal pig, half knelt down, clasped his arms round it, put his mouth against its shining snout, and drank the



BEFORE HE WAS AWARE HE FELL ASLEEP

fresh water in deep draughts. Close by lay a few leaves of salad and one or two chestnuts ; these were his supper. No one was in the street but himself ; it belonged to him alone, and he boldly sat down on the pig's back, bent forward, so that his curly head rested on the head of the animal, and before he was aware he fell asleep.

It was midnight. The metal pig stirred, and he heard it say quite distinctly, "You little boy, hold tight, for now I am going to run," and away it ran with him. This was a wonderful ride. First they got to the *Piazza del Gran Duca*, and the metal horse which carries the duke's statue neighed aloud ; the painted coats of arms on the old council house looked like transparent pictures ; and Michael Angelo's "David" swung his sling ; there was a strange life stirring among them.

By the *Palazzo degli Uffizi*, in the arcade where the nobility assemble for the Carnival amusements, the metal pig stopped. "Hold

tight," said the creature, "for now we are going upstairs." The little boy spoke not a word, for he was half frightened, half delighted.

They came into a long gallery where the boy had already been. The walls shone with pictures; here stood statues and busts, all in the most charming light, as if it had been broad day: but the most beautiful of all was when the door of a side room opened; the little boy could remember the splendor that was there, but on this night everything shone in the most glorious colors.

Here stood a beautiful woman, as radiant in beauty as nature and the greatest master of sculpture could make her; she moved her graceful limbs, dolphins sprang at her feet, and immortality shone out of her eyes.

What splendor, what beauty, shone from hall to hall! The little boy saw everything plainly, for the metal pig went step by step from one picture to another. One picture only fixed itself firmly in his soul, especially through the

very happy children introduced into it; for these the little boy had greeted in the daylight.

The boy's eyes rested longer on this picture than on any other. The metal pig stood still before it. A low sigh was heard; did it come from the picture or from the animal? The boy lifted up his hands towards the smiling children; then the pig ran away with him, away through the open vestibule. "Thanks and blessings to you, you dear thing!" said the little boy, and he caressed the metal pig, as it sprang down the steps with him.

"Thanks and blessings to yourself," replied the metal pig. "I have helped you, and you have helped me, for only with an innocent child on my back do I receive power to run! Do not get down from my back; if you do so, I shall lie dead as you see me in the daytime at the *Porta Rosa*."

"I will stay with you, my dear creature!" cried the child; so they went in hot haste

through the streets of Florence, out into the place before the church *Santa Croce*.

The folding doors flew open and lights gleamed out from the altar through the church on the deserted square.

A wonderful blaze of light streamed forth from a monument in the left aisle, and a thousand moving stars seemed to form a glory round it.

The boy stretched forth his hand towards the gleaming light; and in a moment the metal pig resumed his headlong career; he was obliged to cling tightly, and the wind whistled about his ears: he heard the church door creak on its hinges as it closed; but at the same moment his senses seemed to desert him—he felt a cold shudder pass over him, and awoke.

It was morning; and he was still sitting on the metal pig, which stood where it always stood on the *Porta Rosa*, and he had slipped half off its back.

Fear and trembling filled the soul of the boy at the thought of her whom he called mother,

and who had yesterday sent him forth to bring money ; for he had none, and was hungry and thirsty. Once more he clasped his arms round the neck of his metal horse, kissed its lips, and nodded farewell to it. Then he wandered away into one of the narrowest streets. A great iron-clamped door stood ajar ; he passed through it, and climbed up a brick stair with dirty walls and a rope for a balustrade, till he came to an open gallery hung with rags. From here a flight of stairs led down into the court, where there was a fountain. Great iron wires led up to the different stories, and many water buckets hung side by side, and at times the roller creaked, and one of the buckets would dance into the air, swaying so that the water splashed out of it down into the courtyard. A second ruinous brick staircase here led upwards. Two Russian sailors were running briskly down, and almost overturned the poor boy. A large woman, no longer young, followed them. "What do you bring home?" she asked the boy.

"Don't be angry," he pleaded. "I received nothing, nothing at all," and he seized the mother's dress, and would have kissed it. They went into the little room. I will not describe it, but only say that there stood in it an earthen pot with handles, made for holding fire. This pot she took in her arms, warmed her fingers, and pushed the boy with her elbow. "Certainly you must have brought some money," said she.

The boy wept, and she struck him with her foot, so that he cried aloud.

"Will you be silent, or I'll break your screaming head!" and she brandished the fire pot which she held in her hand; the boy crouched down to the earth with a scream of terror. Then a neighbor stepped in, also with a fire pot in her arms. "Felicita," she said, "what are you doing to the child?"

"The child is mine," retorted Felicita. "I can murder him if I like, and you, too," and she swung her fire pot. The other lifted up hers in self-defense, and the two pots clashed

together with such fury that fragments, fire, and ashes flew about the room; but at the same moment the boy rushed out at the door, sped across the courtyard, and fled from the house. The poor child ran till he was quite out of breath; he stopped by the church whose great doors had opened to him the previous night, and went in. Everything was radiant. The boy knelt down at the first grave on the right hand, and soon he sobbed aloud. People came and went but no one noticed the boy, only an elderly citizen stood still, looked at him, and then went away like the rest.

Hunger and thirst tormented the child; he was quite faint and ill, and he crept into a corner between the marble monuments, and went to sleep. Toward evening he was awakened by a tug at his sleeve; he started up, and the same citizen stood before him.

“Are you ill? Where do you live? Have you been here all day?” were three of the many questions the old man asked of him.

He answered, and the old man took him into his little house, close by, on a back street. They came into a glover's workshop, where a woman sat sewing busily. A little white Spitz-dog, so closely shaven that his pink skin could be seen, frisked about on the table, and gamboled before the boy.

"Innocent souls make acquaintance," said the woman; and she caressed the boy and the dog. The good people gave the child food and drink, and said he should be permitted to stay the night with them, and next day Father Giuseppe would speak with his mother. A little simple bed was assigned to him; but for him who had often slept on the hard stones it was a royal couch, and he slept sweetly, and dreamed of the splendid pictures and the metal pig.

Father Giuseppe went out next morning; the poor child was not glad of this, for he knew that the object of the errand was to send him back to his mother. He wept, and kissed the little merry dog, and the woman nodded approvingly at both.

What news did Father Giuseppe bring home? He spoke a great deal with his wife, and she nodded and stroked the boy's cheek. "He is a capital lad," said she. "He may become an accomplished glove maker, like you; and look what delicate fingers he has! Madonna intended him for a glove maker!"

So the boy stayed in the house, and the woman herself taught him to sew. He ate well, slept well, and became merry, and began to tease Bellissima, as the little dog was called; but the woman grew angry at this, and scolded, and threatened him with her finger.

"Help the gentleman to carry his box of colors!" said the woman next morning, to the boy, when their young neighbor, the artist, passed by carrying a paint box and a large rolled canvas. The boy took the box and followed the painter. They betook themselves to the gallery, and mounted the same staircase, which he remembered well from the night when he had ridden on the metal pig. He

recognized the statues and pictures. They stood still before the picture of the happy children. The poor child smiled, for he felt as if his heaven were here.

"Go home now!" said the painter, when he had set up his easel.

"May I see you paint?" asked the boy. "May I see you put the picture upon this white canvas?"

"I am not going to paint yet," replied the man; and he brought out a piece of white chalk. His hand moved quickly; his eye measured the great picture, and though nothing appeared but a thin line, the figure stood there, as in the colored picture.

"Why don't you go?" said the painter. And the boy wandered home silently and seated himself on the table and learned to sew gloves.

But all day long his thoughts were in the picture gallery; and so it came that he pricked his fingers, and was awkward, but he did not tease Bellissima. When evening came, and

when the house door stood open, he crept out. It was cold but starlight, a bright, beautiful evening. Away he went through the already deserted streets, and soon came to the metal pig; he bent down on it, kissed its shining mouth, and seated himself on its back. "You happy creature!" he said. "How I have longed for you! We must take a ride to-night."

The metal pig lay motionless, and the fresh stream gushed forth from its mouth. The little boy sat astride on its back; then something tugged at his clothes. He looked down, and there was Bellissima, — little smooth-shaven Bellissima, — barking as if she would have said, "Here am I, too. Why are you sitting there?" A fiery dragon could not have terrified the boy so much as did the little dog in this place. Bellissima in the street and not *dressed*, as the old lady called it! What would be the end of it? The dog never came out in winter, except attired in a little lambskin, which had been cut

out and made into a coat for her; it was made to fasten with a red ribbon round the little dog's neck and body, and was adorned with bows and with bells. The dog almost looked like a little kid, when in winter she got permission to patter out with mistress. Bellissima was outside and not dressed! What would be the end of it! All his fancies were put to flight; yet the boy kissed the metal pig once more, and then took Bellissima on his arm; the little thing trembled with cold, therefore the boy ran as fast as he could.

“What are you running away with there?” asked two police soldiers whom he met, and at whom Bellissima barked. “Where have you stolen that pretty dog?” they asked, and they took it away from him.

“Oh, give it back to me!” cried the boy despairingly.

“If you have not stolen him, you may say at home that the dog may be sent for from the watch-house,” — and they told him where the

watch-house was, and went away with Bellissima.

Here was a terrible calamity. The boy did not know whether he should jump into the Arno, or go home and confess everything.

The door was locked; he could not reach the knocker; no one was in the street, but a stone lay there, and with this he thundered at the door.

“Who is there?” cried somebody from within.

“It is I,” said he. “Bellissima is gone. Open the door, and then kill me!”

There was quite a panic; Madame was especially concerned for poor Bellissima. She immediately looked at the wall, where the dog’s dress usually hung—and there was the little lamb-skin.

“Bellissima in the watch-house!” she cried aloud. “You bad boy! How did you entice her out? She’ll be frozen, the poor delicate little thing, among those rough soldiers!”

The father was at once dispatched—the

woman lamented, and the boy wept. All the inhabitants of the house came together, and among the rest, the painter; he took the boy between his knees and questioned him; and in broken sentences he heard the whole story about the metal pig and the gallery. The painter consoled the little fellow, and tried to calm the old lady's anger; but she would not be pacified until the father came in with Bellissima, who had been among the soldiers; then there was great rejoicing; and the painter caressed the boy, and gave him a handful of pictures.

Oh, those were capital pieces — such funny heads! — and truly the metal pig was there among them, bodily. Oh, nothing could be more superb! By means of a few strokes it was made to stand there on the paper, and even the house that stood behind it was sketched in.

Oh, for the ability to draw and paint! He who could do this could conjure up the whole world around him!

At the first leisure moment of the following

day, the little fellow seized the pencil, and on the back of one of the pictures he attempted to copy the drawing of the metal pig; and he succeeded! It was certainly rather crooked, rather up and down, one leg thick and another thin, but still it was to be recognized, and he rejoiced. The pencil would not quite work as it should do, that he could well observe. On the next day a second metal pig was drawn by the side of the first, and this looked a hundred times better; the third was already so good that every one could tell what it was meant for.

But the glove making prospered little, and the orders given in the town were executed but slowly; for the metal pig had taught him that all pictures may be drawn on paper; and Florence is a picture book for any one who chooses to turn over its pages. On the *Piazza del Trinità* stands a slender pillar, and upon it the goddess of Justice blindfolded, and with her scales in her hand. Soon she was placed on the paper; and it was the glove maker's little boy who placed



AND THEN THE SIGNORA CAME IN

her there. The collection of pictures increased, but as yet it only contained representations of lifeless objects; when one day Bellissima came gamboling before him. "Stand still!" said he. "Then you shall be made beautiful and put into my collection!" But Bellissima would not stand still, she had to be bound fast; her head and tail were tied, and she barked and jumped, and the string had to be pulled tight; and then the signora came in.

"You wicked boy! The poor creature!" was all she could utter; and she pushed the boy aside, thrust him away with her foot, forbade him to enter her house again, and called him a most ungrateful good for nothing and wicked boy; and then weeping, she kissed her little half-strangled Bellissima.

At this very moment the painter came downstairs, and here is the turning point of the story.

In the year 1834 there was an exhibition in the Academy of Arts at Florence. Two pictures, placed side by side, collected a number of spec-

tators. The smaller of the two represented a merry little boy who sat drawing, with a little white Spitz-dog for his model, bound by a string. The painter was said to be a young Florentine, who had been found in the streets in his childhood, had been brought up by an old glove maker, and had taught himself to draw. A painter, now become famous, had discovered this talent just as the boy was to be sent away for tying up the favorite little dog of Madame, and using it as a model.

The glove maker's boy had become a great painter. The picture proved this, and still more the larger picture that stood beside it. Here was represented only one figure, a handsome boy, clad in rags, asleep in the streets, and leaning against the metal pig in the *Porta Rosa* street. All the spectators knew the spot. The child's arms rested upon the head of the pig; the little fellow was fast asleep; the lamp before the picture of the Madonna threw a strong light on the pale, delicate face of the child; it was beautiful.

—Adapted from HANS ANDERSEN.

HELENA OF BRITAIN

Ever since lands began to form and rivers to flow seaward, the little river Colne has wound its crooked way through the fertile fields of Essex to the broad North Sea.

The little river flows to-day just as it did more than sixteen hundred years ago, when a little British princess, in her gilded barge, floated down the stream from her father's palace.

The monotonous song of the rowers, keeping time with each dip of the broad-bladed oars, rose and fell with the beat of the master's silver baton, and Helena, too, followed the measure with the tap, tap, of her sandaled foot.

Suddenly there shot out around one of the frequent turns in the river the gleam of other oars and the high prow of a larger boat; across the water came the oar song of a larger company of rowers.

Helena started to her feet. "Look, Cleon," she cried, pointing eagerly towards the approaching

boat, "'tis my father's own. Why this haste to return, think'st thou?"

"I cannot tell, little mistress," replied the freedman Cleon. "The king, thy father, must have urgent tidings to make him return thus quickly."

Both the girl and the freedman spoke in Latin, for at the date of our story the island of Britain was almost as Roman in manner, custom, and speech as Rome itself. England, or Britain as it was then called, had been conquered by the Romans, and King Coel, Helena's father, was subject to them. He had given his only child the best education that Rome could offer. She was a fine musician, and a marvelous worker in tapestry, in hammered brass, and in pottery.

But for all this she loved to hear the legends and stories of her people, either as the simple tales of her British nurse, or in the wild songs of the wandering bards. As she listened she sighed for the days of the old-time British valor and freedom. Even now, as she looked off

toward the approaching boat, she was wondering how she could arouse her father to thoughts of British glory.

He was returning from an unsuccessful boar hunt in the Essex woods, very much out of sorts — cross because he had not captured the big boar he had hoped to kill, cross because his favorite musicians had been taken from him by the Roman governor at Londinium, as London was then called, and still more cross because he had that day received orders from Rome to pay a large tax to help meet the expenses of the new emperor.

Just as he had stood fretting and fuming on the shore, the admiral Carausius had arrived there and was even now with him on the boat, bearing him company back to his palace. This Carausius, the admiral, was an especially vigorous, valorous, and fiery young man of twenty-one. He was cousin to Princess Helena, and a prince of the royal blood of ancient Britain. He had chased and scattered the German pirates

on the northern seas, and had been named by the emperor, Admiral of the North. He was the pride of the Roman sailors along the English Channel and the German shores.

The light barge of the princess approached the heavier boat of the king, her father. At her signal the oarsmen drew up alongside, and scarce waiting for either boat to more than slacken speed, the nimble-footed girl sprang lightly to the deck of her father's boat. Then bidding the obedient Cleon take her own barge back to the palace, she hurried at once, and without question, like the petted only child she was, into the high-raised cabin at the stern, where beneath the Roman standards sat her father, the king.

Helena entered the apartment at a most exciting moment. For there, facing her portly old father, whose clouded face bespoke his troubled mind, stood her trimly built young cousin Carausius, the admiral. Neither man seemed to have noticed the sudden entrance of the girl, so deep were they in talk.

“I tell thee, uncle,” the hot-headed admiral was saying, “it is beyond longer bearing. This new emperor, — who is he to dare to dictate to a prince of Britain? A foot soldier, the son of slaves, and the client of three coward emperors; an assassin who, by his own cunning, hath become Emperor of Rome! And now hath dared to accuse me, a free Briton and a Roman citizen as well, a prince and the son of princes, with having taken bribes from these German pirates whom I have vanquished! I will not bear it. I am a better king than he, did I but have my just rights.”

“True enough, good nephew,” said King Coel, as the admiral strode up and down before him, angrily playing with the hilt of his short Roman sword. “True enough, and I, too, have little cause to love this low-born emperor. He hath taken from me my players and my gold, when I can ill spare either. ’Tis a sad pass for Britain. But Rome is mistress now. What may we hope to do?”



THE PRINCESS HELENA SPRANG TO HER FATHER'S SIDE

The Princess Helena sprang to her father's side, her young face flushed, her small hand raised in emphasis. "Do!" cried she, and the look of defiance flamed on her fair young face. "Do! Is it thou, my father, thou, my cousin, princes of Britain both, that ask so weak a question? Oh, that I were a man! What did that brave enemy of our house, Cassivellaunus, do? What Caractacus? What the brave Queen Boadicea? When the Romans drove them to despair, they raised the standard of revolt, sounded their battle cries, and showed the Romans that British freemen could fight to the death for their country and their home. And thus should we do, without fear or question, and see here again in Britain a victorious kingdom ruled once more by British kings."

"Nay, nay, my daughter," said cautious King Coel. "Your words are those of an unthinking girl. The power of Rome —"

"The girl is right, uncle," said Carausius, breaking in upon the king's cautious speech.

“Too long have we bowed the neck to Roman tyranny. We, free princes of Britain that we are, have it even now in our power to stand once again as altogether free. The fleet is mine, the people are yours if you will but arouse them. Our brothers are groaning under the load of Roman tribute, and are ripe to strike. Raise the cry, my uncle. Cry, ‘Death to Rome!’ My fleet shall pour its victorious sailors upon the coast. The British fighters shall flock to our united standards, and we shall rule as emperors in the North.”

The words of Carausius and Helena carried the day with Coel, the king, already smarting under a sense of ill treatment by his Roman overlords.

The standard of revolt was raised. The young admiral hurried back to France to make ready his fleet, while King Coel, spurred on to action by the patriotic Helena, gathered a hasty following, descended upon the nearest Roman camps, surprised, captured, scattered, or

brought over their soldiers, and proclaimed himself free from the yoke of Rome and supreme prince of Britain.

Carausius, the admiral, was determined to be sole emperor. Although brave and high-spirited, he was crafty and unscrupulous; therefore he thought it wisest to delay his part of the agreement until he should see how it fared with his uncle, and then upon his defeat to climb to certain victory. He therefore sent his uncle promises instead of men. When summoned by the Roman governor to assist in putting down the revolt, he returned loyal answers, but he sent aid to neither party.

King Coel knew that without aid he could not hope to withstand the Roman force that must finally be brought against him. But in spite of his daughter's constant urging he did nothing more. He seemed satisfied with the acknowledgment of his power in Colne. He spent his time in his palace with the musicians that he loved so well, and the big bowl of

liquor that, it is to be feared, he loved quite as dearly. The pipers and the harpers sang his praises and told of his mighty deeds. This was the "old King Cole" of whom Mother Goose sings in the well-known nursery jingle:—

“Old King Cole was a merry old soul,
And a merry old soul was he.
He called for his pipe, and he called for his bowl,
And he called for his fiddlers three.
Oh, none so rare as can compare
With King Cole and his fiddlers three.”

But if the pleasure-loving old king was listless, young Helena was not. She advised with her father's boldest captains, and strengthened so wisely the walls of the city that traces of this work still remain.

No help came from her cousin, the admiral. But one day a vessel speeding up the little river Colne brought this unsigned message to King Coel:—

To Coel, King in Camulodunum, Greeting:
Save thyself. Constantius, the sallow-faced

commander of the Western army, is even now on his way from Spain to crush the revolt. Save thyself. I wait. Justice will come."

"Thou seest, O daughter," said King Coel, as Helena read the cowardly message, "the end cometh as I knew it would. Well, man can but die." But Helena determined to save her father, her country, and herself, and to shame her disloyal cousin. We shall see how wise a little lady was this fair young princess Helena.

The legions came to Camulodunum, by the very vessels that were to have brought aid to the British king. Before the walls of the palace town the Roman camp was pitched and the siege began. The Roman trumpets were sounded before the gate of the city, and the herald cried the summons to surrender.

King Coel heard the summons, and some spark of that very patriotism that had inspired and incited his valiant little daughter flamed in his heart. He would have returned an answer of defiance, but young Helena interposed.

“Leave this to me, my father,” she said. “As I have been the cause, so let me be the end of this trouble. Say to the commander that in three hours the British messenger will come to his camp with the king’s answer.”

The old king would have replied otherwise, but his daughter’s entreaties and the counsel of his captains forced him to assent, and his herald made answer accordingly.

Constantius, a pleasant-looking young commander, sat in his tent within the Roman camp. The three hours had scarcely expired when his sentry announced the arrival of the messenger.

“Bid him enter,” said the commander. Then, as the curtains of his tent were drawn aside, he started in surprise, for there before him stood, not the rugged form of a British fighting man, but a fair young girl, who bent her graceful head in reverent submission.

“What would’st thou with me, maiden?” asked he.

“I am the daughter of Coel of Britain,” said

the girl, "and I am come to sue for pardon and for peace."

"The Roman people have no quarrel with the girls of Britain," said the commander. "Hath, then, King Coel fallen so low in state that a maiden must plead for him?"

"He hath not fallen at all," replied the girl, proudly. "The king, my father, would withstand thy force but that I, his daughter, know the cause of this unequal strife, and seek to make terms with the victors."

The girl's fearlessness pleased the commander, for Constantius was humane and gentle, fierce enough in fight, but seeking never to wound needlessly an enemy, or lose a friend.

"And what are thy terms, fair messenger of Britain?" he demanded.

"These, O commander," replied Helena. "If but thou wilt remove thy army to Londinium, I pledge my father's faith and mine, that he will within five days deliver to thee, as hostages, myself and twenty children of his councilors and

captains; and further, I, Helena, the princess, will bind myself to deliver up to thee, with the hostages, the chief rebel in this revolt, and the one to whose counseling this strife with Rome is due."

Both the matter and the manner of the offered terms still further pleased Constantius, and he said, "Be it so, Princess." Then summoning his lieutenant, he said, "Conduct this messenger with all courtesy to the gates of the city." And with a herald's escort the girl returned to her father.

Again the old king rebelled at the terms that his daughter had made.

"I know the ways of Rome," he said. "I know what their mercy means. Thou shalt never go as hostage for my faith, O daughter, nor carry out this dangerous plan."

"I have pledged my word and thine, O King," said Helena. "Surely a Briton's pledge should be as binding as a Roman's. So she carried her point, and in five days' time she, with twenty

of the boys and girls of Camulodunum, went as hostages to the Roman camp in London.

“Here be thy hostages, fair princess,” said Constantius, as he received the children; “and this is well. But remember the rest of thy agreement. Deliver to me now, according to thy promise, the chief rebel against Rome.”

“She is here, O commander,” said the brave girl. “I am that rebel, Helena of Britain.”

The smile upon the commander’s face changed to sudden sternness. “Trifle not with Roman justice, girl,” he said. “I demand the keeping of thy word.”

“It is kept,” replied the princess. “Helena of Britain is the cause and motive of this revolt against Rome. If it be rebellion for a free prince to claim his own, if it be rebellion for a prince to withstand for the sake of his people the unjust demands of the conqueror, if it be rebellion for one who loveth her father to urge that father to valiant deeds in defense of the liberties of the land over which he ruleth as

king— then am I a rebel, for I have done all these things, and only because of my words did the king, my father, take up arms against Rome. Do with me as thou wilt."

And now Constantius saw that the girl spoke the truth, and that she had kept her pledge.

"Thy father and his city are pardoned," he announced after a few moments of deliberation. "Remain thou here, thou and thy companions, as hostages for Britain, until such time as I shall determine upon the punishment due to one who is so fierce a rebel against Rome."

So the siege of Camulodunum was raised and the rebellion ended. Constantius took up his residence for a while in King Coel's city, and at last returned to Spain, well pleased with the spirit of the little maiden whom, so he claimed, he still held as the prisoner of Rome.

Ten years after King Coel's revolt, Carausius sought at last to carry out his scheme. So daring and successful was his move that for a time Rome was powerless. Carausius, indeed,

became Emperor of Britain, and reigned as such for seven years. But he fell a victim to the craft of others, and his life was ended by the sword of his chief minister.

The power of Rome again controlled the little kingdom. Constantius became governor and finally emperor. Before this came to pass, Helena, the princess, had become his wife, "since only thus," said he, "can I keep in safe custody this prisoner of Rome."

Princess Helena became a loyal Roman wife and mother, dearly loving her husband and her little son Constantine, who in after years became the first Christian Emperor of Rome.

Helena bestowed much loving care upon her native province of Britain. Beloved throughout her long and peaceful life, she was revered as a saint after her death.

To-day, in the city of London, you may see the memorial church reared to her memory — the Church of Great St. Helena, in Bishopsgate.

— From E. S. BROOKS.

LADY CLARE

It was the time when lilies blow,
And clouds are highest up in air,
Lord Ronald brought a lily-white doe
To give his cousin, Lady Clare.

I trow they did not part in scorn :
Lovers long-betroth'd were they :
They two will wed the morrow morn ;
God's blessing on the day !

"He does not love me for my birth,
Nor for my lands so broad and fair ;
He loves me for my own true worth,
And that is well," said Lady Clare.

In there came old Alice the nurse,
Said, "Who was this that went from thee?"

"It was my cousin," said Lady Clare.

"To-morrow he weds with me."

"O God be thank'd!" said Alice the nurse,

"That all comes round so just and fair :
Lord Ronald is heir of all your lands,
And you are not the Lady Clare."

"Are ye out of your mind, my nurse, my nurse?"

Said Lady Clare, "that ye speak so wild?"

"As God's above," said Alice the nurse,

"I speak the truth : you are my child."



I WILL SPEAK OUT, FOR I DARE NOT LIE

“The old Earl’s daughter died at my breast;
I speak the truth, as I live by bread!
I buried her like my own sweet child,
And put my child in her stead.”

“Falsely, falsely have ye done,
O mother,” she said, “if this be true,
To keep the best man under the sun
So many years from his due.”

“Nay, now, my child,” said Alice the nurse,
“But keep the secret for your life,
And all you have will be Lord Ronald’s,
When you are man and wife.”

“If I’m a beggar born,” she said,
“I will speak out, for I dare not lie.
Pull off, pull off, the broach of gold,
And fling the diamond necklace by.”

“Nay, now, my child,” said Alice the nurse,
“But keep the secret all ye can.”
She said, “Not so: but I will know
If there be any faith in man.”

“Nay, now, what faith?” said Alice the nurse,
“The man will cleave unto his right.”
“And he shall have it,” the lady replied,
“Tho’ I should die to-night.”

“Yet give one kiss to your mother dear!
Alas, my child, I sinn’d for thee.”

“O mother, mother, mother,” she said,
“So strange it seems to me.

“Yet here’s a kiss for my mother dear,
My mother dear, if this be so,
And lay your hand upon my head,
And bless me, mother, ere I go.”

She clad herself in a russet gown,
She was no longer Lady Clare:
She went by dale, and she went by down,
With a single rose in her hair.

The lily-white doe Lord Ronald had brought
Leapt up from where she lay,
Drop’t her head in the maiden’s hand,
And follow’d her all the way.

Down stept Lord Ronald from his tower:
“O Lady Clare, you shame your worth!
Why come you dressed like a village maid,
That are the flower of the earth?”

“If I come drest like a village maid,
I am but as my fortunes are:
I am a beggar born,” she said,
“And not the Lady Clare.”

“Play me no tricks,” said Lord Ronald,
“For I am yours in word and in deed.
Play me no tricks,” said Lord Ronald,
“Your riddle is hard to read.”

Oh, and proudly stood she up!
Her heart within did not fail:
She looked into Lord Ronald’s eyes,
And told him all her nurse’s tale.

He laugh’d a laugh of merry scorn:
He turn’d, and kiss’d her where she stood:
“If you are not the heiress born,
And I,” said he, “the next in blood —

“If you are not the heiress born,
And I,” said he, “the lawful heir,
We two will wed to-morrow morn,
And you shall still be Lady Clare.”

— ALFRED TENNYSON.

THE ARCHERY CONTEST

The list of competitors still amounted to eight. Prince John stepped from his royal seat to view more nearly the persons of these chosen yeomen. Having satisfied his curiosity, he looked for the object of his resentment, whom he observed standing on the same spot, and with the same composed countenance which he had shown on the day before.

"Fellow," said Prince John, "I guessed by thy insolent babble thou wert no true lover of the long bow, and I see thou darest not try thy skill among such merry men as stand yonder."

"Under favor, sir," replied the yeoman, "I have another reason for refraining to shoot, besides the fearing defeat and disgrace."

"And what is thy other reason?" said Prince John.

"Because," replied the woodsman, "I know not if these yeomen and I are used to shoot at

the same marks; and because, moreover, I know not how Your Grace might relish the winning of a third prize by one who has unintentionally fallen under your displeasure."

Prince John colored as he put the question, "What is thy name, yeoman?"

"Locksley," answered the yeoman.

"Then, Locksley," said Prince John, "thou shalt shoot in thy turn, when these yeomen have displayed their skill. If thou carriest the prize, I will add to it twenty nobles; but if thou lovest it, thou shalt be stript of thy Lincoln green, and scourged out of the lists with bowstrings, for a wordy and insolent braggart."

"And how if I refuse to shoot on such a wager?" said the yeoman. "Your Grace's power, supported, as it is, by so many men-at-arms, may indeed easily strip and scourge me, but cannot compel me to bend or draw my bow."

"If thou refusest my fair offer," said the

Prince, "the Provost of the lists shall cut thy bowstrings, break thy bow and arrows, and expel thee as a faint-hearted coward."

"This is no fair chance you put on me, proud Prince," said the yeoman, "to compel me to peril myself against the best archers of Leicester and Staffordshire, under the penalty of disgrace if they should overshoot me. Nevertheless, I will obey your pleasure."

"Look to him close, men-at-arms," said Prince John; "his heart is sinking; I am jealous lest he attempt to escape the trial. And do you, good fellows, shoot boldly round; a buck and a butt of wine are ready for your refreshment in yonder tent when the prize is won."

A target was placed at the upper end of the southern avenue which led to the lists. The contending archers took their station in turn, at the bottom of the southern access, the distance between that station and the mark allowing full distance for what was called a shot at

rovers. The archers, having previously determined by lot their order, were to shoot each three shafts in succession. The sports were regulated by an officer, termed the Provost of the Games.

One by one the archers, stepping forward, delivered their shafts yeomanlike and bravely. Of twenty-four arrows, shot in succession, ten were fixed in the target, and the others ranged so near it, that, considering the distance of the mark, it was accounted good archery. Of the ten shafts which hit the target, two within the inner ring were shot by Hubert, a forester in the service of Malvoisin, who was accordingly named the victor.

“Now, Locksley,” said Prince John to the bold yeoman, with a bitter smile, “wilt thou try conclusions with Hubert, or wilt thou yield up bow and quiver to the Provost of the sports?”

“Since it be no better,” said Locksley, “I am content to try my fortune; on condition that when I have shot two shafts at yonder

mark of Hubert's, he shall be bound to shoot one at that which I shall propose."

"That is but fair," answered Prince John, "and it shall not be refused thee. If thou dost beat this braggart, Hubert, I will fill the bugle with silver pennies for thee."

"A man can but do his best," answered Hubert; "but my grandsire drew a good long bow at Hastings, and I trust not to dishonor his memory."

The former target was now removed, and a fresh one of the same size placed in its room. Hubert, who, as victor in the great trial of skill, had the right to shoot first, took his aim with great deliberation, long measuring the distance with his eye, while he held in his hand his bended bow, with the arrow placed on the string. At length he made a step forward, and raising the bow at the full stretch of his left arm, till the center or grasping place was nearly level with his face, he drew his bow-string to his ear. The arrow whistled through

the air, and lighted within the inner ring of the target, but not exactly in the center.

"You have not allowed for the wind, Hubert," said his antagonist, bending his bow, "or that had been a better shot."

So saying, and without showing the least anxiety to pause upon his aim, Locksley stepped to the appointed station, and shot his arrow as carelessly in appearance as if he had not even looked at the mark. He was speaking almost at the instant that the shaft left the bowstring, yet it alighted in the target two inches nearer to the white spot which marked the center than that of Hubert.

"By the light of Heaven!" said Prince John to Hubert, "an thou allow that runagate knave to overcome thee, thou art worthy of the gallows!"

Hubert had but one set speech for all occasions. "An your highness were to hang me," he said, "a man can but do his best. Nevertheless, my grandsire drew a good bow —"

"The foul fiend on thy grandsire and all his generation!" interrupted John; "shoot, knave, and shoot thy best, or it shall be the worse for thee!"

Hubert resumed his place, and not neglecting the caution which he had received from his adversary, he made the necessary allowance for a very light air of wind, which had just arisen, and shot so successfully that his arrow alighted in the very center of the target.

"A Hubert! A Hubert!" shouted the crowd, more interested in a known person than in a stranger. "In the clout! In the clout! A Hubert forever!"

"Thou canst not mend that shot, Locksley," said the Prince, with an insulting smile.

"I will notch his shaft for him, however," replied Locksley.

And letting fly his arrow with a little more precaution than before, it lighted right upon that of his competitor, which it split to shivers. The people who stood around were so astonished at his wonderful dexterity that they could not

even give vent to their surprise in their usual clamor. "This must be the devil, and no man of flesh and blood," whispered the yeomen to each other; "such archery was never seen since a bow was first bent in Britain."

"And now," said Locksley, "I will crave Your Grace's permission to plant such a mark as is used in the North Country; and welcome every brave yeoman who shall try a shot at it to win a smile from the bonny lass he loves best."

He then turned to leave the lists. "Let your guards attend me," he said, "if you please. I go but to cut a rod from the next willow bush."

Prince John made a signal that some guards should follow him in case of his escape; but the cry of "Shame! Shame!" which burst from the multitude induced him to alter his ungenerous purpose.

Locksley returned almost instantly with a willow wand about six feet in length, perfectly straight, and rather thicker than a man's

thumb. He began to peel this with great composure, observing at the same time that to ask a good woodsman to shoot at a target so broad as had hitherto been used, was to put shame upon his skill. For his own part, he said, and in the land where he was bred, men would as soon take for their mark King Arthur's round table, which held sixty knights around it. "A child of seven years old," he said, "might hit yonder target with a headless shaft; but," added he walking deliberately to the other end of the lists, and sticking the willow wand upright in the ground, "he that hits that rod at fivescore yards, I call him an archer fit to bear both bow and quiver before a king, and it were the stout King Richard himself."

"My grandsire," said Hubert, "drew a good bow at the battle of Hastings, and never shot at such a mark in his life — and neither will I. If this yeoman can cleave that rod, I give him the bucklers — or rather, I yield to the devil that is in his jacket, and not to any human skill;

a man can but do his best, and I will not shoot where I am sure to miss. I might as well shoot at the edge of our parson's whittle, or at a wheat straw, or at a sunbeam, as at a twinkling white streak which I can hardly see."

"Cowardly dog!" said Prince John. "Sirrah, Locksley, do thou shoot; but, if thou hittest such a mark, I will say thou art the first man ever did so. Howe'er it be, thou shalt not crow over us with a mere show of superior skill."

"I will do my best, as Hubert says," answered Locksley; "no man can do more."

So saying, he again bent his bow, but on the present occasion looked with attention to his weapon, and changed the string, which he thought was no longer truly round, having been a little frayed by the former shots. He then took his aim with some deliberation, and the multitude awaited the event in breathless silence. The archer justified their opinion of his skill; his arrow split the willow rod against which it was aimed. A chorus of acclamations



THE MULTITUDE AWAITED THE EVENT IN BREATHLESS SILENCE

followed; and even Prince John, in admiration of Locksley's skill, lost for an instant his dislike of that person. "These twenty nobles," he said, "which, with the bugle, thou hast fairly won, are thine own: we will make them fifty, if thou wilt take livery and service with us as a yeoman of our bodyguard, and be near to our person. For never did so strong a hand bend a bow, or so true an eye direct a shaft."

"Pardon me, noble Prince," said Locksley; "but I have vowed, that if ever I take service, it should be with your royal brother, King Richard. These twenty nobles I leave to Hubert, who has this day drawn as brave a bow as his grandsire did at Hastings. Had his modesty not refused the trial, he would have hit the wand as well as I."

Hubert shook his head as he received with reluctance the bounty of the stranger; and Locksley, anxious to escape further observation, mixed with the crowd, and was seen no more.

— Adapted from SIR WALTER SCOTT.

RECESSIONAL

God of our fathers, known of old —

Lord of our far-flung battle line —

Beneath Whose awful Hand we hold

Dominion over palm and pine —

Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,

Lest we forget — lest we forget!

The tumult and the shouting dies —

The captains and the kings depart;

Still stands thine ancient sacrifice,

An humble and a contrite heart.

Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,

Lest we forget — lest we forget!

Far called our navies melt away —

On dune and headland sinks the fire —

Lo, all our pomp of yesterday

Is one with Nineveh and Tyre!

Judge of the Nations, spare us yet,

Lest we forget — lest we forget!

If, drunk with sight of power, we loose

Wild tongues that have not Thee in awe —

Such boasting as the Gentiles use,

Or lesser breeds without the law —

Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,
Lest we forget—lest we forget!

For heathen heart that puts its trust
In reeking tube and iron shard—
All valiant dust that builds on dust,
And guarding calls not thee to guard—
For frantic boast and foolish word,
Thy mercy on Thy people, Lord!

Amen.

—RUDYARD KIPLING.

Earth proudly wears the Parthenon,
As the best gem upon her zone,
And Morning opes with haste her lids
To gaze upon the Pyramids;
O'er England's abbeys bends the sky,
As on its friends, with kindred eye;
For out of thought's interior sphere
These wonders rose to upper air.

—RALPH WALDO EMERSON.

PAULETTE AND HER GIFT

A knock at my door ; a poor girl comes in, and greets me by name. At first I do not recollect her ; but she looks at me and smiles. Ah ! it is Paulette ! But it is almost a year since I have seen her, and Paulette is no longer the same : the other day she was a child, now she is almost a young woman.

Paulette is thin, pale, and miserably clad ; but she has always the same open and straightforward look — the same mouth, smiling at every word, as if to court your sympathy — the same voice, somewhat timid, yet expressing fondness. Paulette appears to me as a part of one of my happiest recollections.

It was the evening of a public holiday. The principal buildings of Paris were illuminated with festoons of fire, a thousand flags waved in the night winds, and the fireworks had just shot forth their spouts of flame into the midst of the park.

All of a sudden, one of those unaccountable

alarms which strike a multitude with panic fell upon the dense crowd: they cry out, they rush on headlong; the weaker ones fall, and the frightened crowd tramples them down in its convulsive struggles.

I escaped from the confusion by a miracle, and was hastening away, when the cries of a perishing child arrested me. I reëntered that human chaos, and, after unheard-of exertions, I brought Paulette out of it at the peril of my life.

That was two years ago; since then I had not seen the child again but at long intervals, and I had almost forgotten her. But Paulette's memory was that of a grateful heart, and she came at the beginning of the year to offer me her wishes for my happiness. She brought me besides, a wall-flower in full bloom; she herself had planted and reared it: it was something that belonged wholly to herself; for it was by her care, her perseverance, and her patience, that she had obtained it. . . . This unexpected present, the little girl's modest blushes, and the compliments she stam-

mered out, dispelled, as by a sunbeam, the kind of mist which had gathered around my mind; my thoughts suddenly changed from the leaden tints of evening to the brightest colors of dawn. I made Paulette sit down, and I questioned her with a light heart.

At first the little girl replied by monosyllables; but very soon the tables were turned, and it was I who interrupted her long and confidential talk.

The poor child leads a hard life. She was left an orphan long since, with a brother and a sister, and lives with an old grandmother, who *brought them up to poverty*, as she always calls it.

However, Paulette now helps her to make bandboxes; her little sister Perrine begins to use the needle, and her brother Henry is apprentice to a printer. All would go well if it were not for losses and want of work; if it were not for clothes which wear out, for appetites which grow larger, and for the winter, when you cannot get sunshine for nothing.

Paulette complains that her candles go out too

quickly, and that her wood costs too much. The fireplace is so near the roof that the wind blows the rain down it, and in winter the rain falls upon the hearth; so they have left off using it. The grandmother has often spoken of a stove that was for sale at the shop close by; but the price of it was seven francs, and the times are too hard for such an expense: the family, therefore, resign themselves to cold for economy!

As Paulette spoke, I felt more and more that I was losing my fretfulness and low spirits. The first disclosure of the little bandbox-maker created within me a wish that soon became a plan.

I questioned her about her daily occupations, and she told me that, on leaving me, she must go, with her brother, her sister, and her grandmother, to the different people for whom they work. My plan was immediately settled. I told the child that I would see her in the evening, and she went away with fresh thanks.

I placed the wallflower in the open window, where a ray of sunshine bade it welcome. The

birds were singing around, the sky had cleared up, and the day, which had begun so loweringly, had become bright. I sang as I moved about my room, and, having hastily put on my hat and coat, I went out.

Three o'clock. — All is settled with my neighbor, the chimney-doctor. He will repair my old stove, and answers for its being as good as new. At five o'clock we are to set out, and put it up in Paulette's grandmother's room.

Midnight. — All has gone well. At the hour agreed upon, I was at the old bandbox-maker's; she was still out. My chimney-sweeper fixed the stove, while I arranged in the fireplace a dozen great logs taken from my winter stock. I shall make up for them by warming myself with walking, or by going to bed earlier.

I trembled lest they should interrupt me in my preparations, and should thus spoil my intended surprise. But no — see everything ready; the lighted stove murmurs gently, the little lamp burns upon the table, and a bottle of oil for it



THEY ALL STOP IN ASTONISHMENT

is provided on the shelf. The chimney-doctor is gone.

Now my fear lest they should come is changed into impatience at their not coming. At last I hear children's voices: here they are: they push open the door and rush in—but they all stop in astonishment.

At the sight of the lamp, the stove, and the visitor, who stands there like a magician in the midst of these wonders, they draw back almost frightened.

Paulette is the first to comprehend it, and the arrival of the grandmother, who is more slowly mounting the stairs, finishes the explanation. Then came tears, ecstasies, thanks!

But the wonders are not yet ended. The little sister opens the oven, and discovers chestnuts just roasted; and I draw forth from the basket that I had hidden, a cold tongue, a pot of butter, and some fresh rolls.

Now their wonder turns to admiration; the little family have never had such a feast! They

lay the cloth, they sit down, they eat. It is a complete banquet for all, and each contributes his share to it. I had brought only the supper. The bandbox-maker and her children supplied the enjoyment.

[Abridgment.]

—ÉMILE SOUVESTRE.

Hope is like a harebell, trembling from its birth,
Love is like a rose, the joy of all the earth;
Faith is like a lily, lifted high and white,
Love is like a lovely rose, the world's delight;
Harebells and sweet lilies show a thornless growth,
But the rose with all its thorns excels them both.

—CHRISTINA G. ROSSETTI.

A BRAVE RESCUE AND A ROUGH RIDE

It happened upon a November evening (when I was about fifteen years old, and outgrowing my strength very rapidly, my sister Annie being turned thirteen, and a deal of rain having fallen, and all the troughs in the yard being flooded, and the bark from the woodricks washed down the gutters, and even our water-shoot going brown) that the ducks in the court made a terrible quacking, instead of marching off to their pen, one behind another. Thereupon Annie and I ran out to see what might be the sense of it. There were thirteen ducks, and ten lily-white (as the fashion then of ducks was) — not, I mean, twenty-three in all, but ten white and three brown-striped ones; and, without being nice about their color, they all quacked very movingly. They pushed their gold-colored bills here and there (yet dirty, as gold is apt to be), and they jumped on the triangles of their feet, and sounded out of their

nostrils; and some of the overexcited ones ran along low on the ground, quacking grievously, with their bills snapping and bending, and the roofs of their mouths exhibited.

Annie began to cry, "Dilly, dilly, einy, einy, ducksey," according to the burden of a tune they seem to have accepted as the national ducks' anthem; but instead of being soothed by it, they only quacked three times as hard, and ran round till we were giddy. And then they shook their tails all together, and looked grave, and went round and round again. Now I am uncommonly fond of ducks, whether roistering, roosting, or roasted. It is a fine sight to behold them walk, paddling one after the other with their toes out, like soldiers drilling, and with their little eyes cocked all ways at once. I like to watch the way that they dip with their bills, and dabble, and throw up their heads and enjoy something, and then tell the others about it. Therefore I knew at once, by the way they were carrying on, that

there must be something or other gone wholly amiss in the duck world. Sister Annie perceived it, too, but with greater quickness; for she counted them, like a good duck wife, and could only tell thirteen of them, when she knew there ought to be fourteen.

And so we began to search about, and the ducks ran to lead us aright, having come that far to fetch us; and when we got down to the foot of the courtyard, where the two great ash trees stand by the side of the little water, we found good reason for the urgency and melancholy of the duck birds. Lo! the old white drake, the father of all, a bird of high manners and chivalry, always the last to help himself from the pan of barley meal, and the first to show fight to a dog intruding upon his family, this fine fellow, and a pillar of the state, was now in a sad plight, yet quacking very stoutly. For the brook, wherewith he had been familiar from his callow childhood, and wherein he was wont to quest for water newts and tad-



LO! THE OLD WHITE DRAKE WAS IN A SAD FLIGHT

poles and caddice worms and other game, this brook, which afforded him very often scanty space to dabble in, was now coming down in a great brown flood, as if the banks never belonged to it. The foaming of it, and the noise, and the cresting of the corners, and the up and down, like a wave of the sea, were enough to frighten any duck.

There is always a hurdle, six feet long and four and a half in depth, swung by a chain at either end from an oak laid across the channel. And the use of this hurdle is to keep our cows, at milking time, from straying away there, drinking (for, in truth, they are very dainty), and to fence strange cattle from coming along the bed of the brook unknown, to steal our substance. But now this hurdle, which hung in the summer a foot above the trickle, would have been dipped more than two feet deep but for the power against it. For the torrent came down so violently that the chains at full stretch were creaking, and the hurdle, buffeted almost

flat, and thatched (so to say) with the drift stuff, was going seesaw with a sulky splash on the dirty red comb of the waters. But saddest to see was between two bars, where a fog was of rushes and flood wood and wild celery and dead crowsfoot, who but our venerable mallard, jammed in by the joint of his shoulder, speaking aloud as he rose and fell, with his topknot full of water, unable to comprehend it, with his tail washed far away from him, but often compelled to be silent, being ducked very harshly against his will, by the choking fall of the hurdle.

For a moment I could not help laughing, because, being borne up high and dry by a rush of the torrent, he gave me a look from his one little eye (having lost one in fight with the turkeycock), a gaze of appealing sorrow, and then a loud quack to second it. But the quack came out of time, I suppose, for his throat got filled with water as the hurdle carried him back again. And then there was

scarcely the screw of his tail to be seen until he swung up again, and left small doubt, by the way he sputtered and failed to quack and hung down his poor crest, but that he must drown in another minute, and frogs triumph over his body.

Annie was crying and wringing her hands, and I was about to rush into the water, although I liked not the look of it, but hoped to hold on by the hurdle, when a man on horse-back came suddenly round the corner of the great ash hedge on the other side of the stream, and his horse's feet were in the water.

"Ho, there!" he cried. "Get thee back, boy. The flood will carry thee down like a straw. I will do it for thee, and no trouble."

With that he leaned forward, and spoke to his mare—she was just of the tint of a strawberry, a young thing, very beautiful—and she arched up her neck, as misliking the job, yet trusting him, would attempt it. She entered the flood, with her dainty forelegs sloped

farther and farther in front of her, and her delicate ears pricked forward, and the size of her great eyes increasing; but he kept her straight in the turbid rush by the pressure of his knees on her. Then she looked back, and wondered at him, as the force of the torrent grew stronger, but he bade her go on; and on she went, and it foamed up over her shoulders; and she tossed up her lip and scorned it, for now her courage was waking. Then, as the rush of it swept her away, and she struck with her forefeet down the stream, he leaned from his saddle in a manner which I never could have thought possible, and caught up old Tom with his left hand, and set him between his holsters, and smiled at his faint quack of gratitude. In a minute all three were carried down stream, and the rider lay flat on his horse, and tossed the hurdle clear from him, and made for the bend of smooth water.

They landed, some thirty or forty yards lower, in the midst of our kitchen garden,

where the winter cabbage was; but though Annie and I crept in through the hedge and were full of our thanks and admiring him, he would answer us never a word, until he had spoken in full to the mare, as if explaining the whole to her.

“Sweetheart, I know thou couldst have leaped it,” he said, as he patted her cheek, being on the ground by this time, and she was nudging up to him, with the water pattering off from her; “but I had good reason, Winnie dear, for making thee go through it.”

She answered him kindly with her soft eyes, and sniffed at him very lovingly, and they understood one another. Then he took from his waistcoat two peppercorns, and made the old drake swallow them, and tried him softly upon his legs, where the leading gap in the hedge was. Old Tom stood up quite bravely, and clapped his wings, and shook off the wet from his tail feathers; and then away into the courtyard, and his family gathered around him,

and they all made a noise in their throats, and stood up, and put their bills together to thank God for this great deliverance.

Having taken all the trouble, and watched the end of that adventure, the gentleman turned round to us with a pleasant smile on his face, as if he were lightly amused with himself; and we came up and looked at him. He was rather short, but very strongly built and springy, as his gait at every step showed plainly, although his legs were bowed with much riding, and he looked as if he lived on horseback. To a boy like me he seemed very old, being over twenty, and well-found in beard; but he was not more than four-and-twenty, fresh and ruddy looking, with a short nose and keen blue eyes, and a merry, waggish jerk about him, as if the world were not in earnest. Yet he had a sharp, stern way, like the crack of a pistol, if anything disliked him; and we knew (for children see such things) that it was safer to tickle than buffet him.

“Well, young uns, what be gaping at?” He gave pretty Annie a chuck on the chin, and took me all in without winking.

“Your mare,” said I, standing stoutly up, being a tall boy now; “I never saw such a beauty, sir. Will you let me have a ride of her?”

“Think thou couldst ride her, lad? She will have no burden but mine. Thou couldst never ride her. Tut! I would be unwilling to kill thee.”

“Ride her!” I cried, with the bravest scorn, for she looked so kind and gentle; “there never was horse upon Exmoor but I could tackle in half an hour. Only I never ride upon saddle. Take the leathers off of her.”

He looked at me with a dry little whistle, and thrust his hands into his breeches’ pockets, and so grinned that I could not stand it. And Annie laid hold of me in such a way that I was almost mad with her. And he laughed, and approved her for doing so. And the worst of all was, he said nothing.

“Get away, Annie, will you? Do you think I’m a fool, good sir? Only trust me with her, and I will not override her.”

“For that I will go bail, my son. She is liker to override thee. But the ground is soft to fall upon, after all this rain. Now come out into the yard, young man, for the sake of your mother’s cabbages; the mellow straw will be softer for thee, since pride must have its fall. I am thy mother’s cousin, boy, and I am going up to house. Tom Faggus is my name, as everybody knows; and this is my young mare, Winnie.”

What a fool I must have been not to know it at once! Tom Faggus, the great highwayman, and his young blood mare, the strawberry! Already her fame was noised abroad nearly as much as her master’s, and my longing to ride her grew tenfold, but fear came at the back of it. Not that I had the smallest fear of what the mare could do to me by fair play and horse trickery, but that the glory of

sitting upon her seemed to be too great for me ; especially as there were rumors abroad that she was not a mare, after all, but a witch. However, she looked like a filly all over, and wonderfully beautiful, with her supple stride, and soft slope of shoulder, and glossy coat beaded with water, and prominent eyes full of docile fire.

Mr. Faggus gave his mare a wink, and she walked demurely after him, a bright young thing, flowing over with life. Then Winnie trod lightly upon the straw, because it had soft muck under it, and her delicate feet came back again.

“Up for it still, boy, be ye?” Tom Faggus stopped, and the mare stopped there ; and they looked at me provokingly.

“Is she able to leap, sir? There is a good take-off on this side of the brook.”

Mr. Faggus laughed very quietly, turning round to Winnie, so that she might enter into it. And she, for her part, seemed to know exactly where the fun lay.

“Good tumble-off, you mean, my boy. Well, there can be small harm to thee. I am akin to thy family, and know the substance of their skulls.”

“Let me get up,” said I, growing angry, for reasons I cannot tell you, because they are too many; “take off your saddlebag things. I will try not to squeeze her ribs in, unless she plays nonsense with me.”

Then Mr. Faggus was up on his mettle at this proud speech of mine; and John Fry was running up all the while, and Bill Dadds, and half a dozen. Tom Faggus gave one glance around, and then dropped all regard for me. The high repute of his mare was at stake, and what was my life compared to it? Through my defiance and stupid ways, here was I in a duello, and my legs not come to their strength yet, and my arms as limp as a herring.

Something of this occurred to him, even in his wrath with me, for he spoke very softly to the filly, who now could scarce subdue herself;

but she drew in her nostrils, and breathed to his breath, and did all she could to answer him.

“Not too hard, my dear,” he said; “let him gently down on the straw. That will be quite enough.” Then he turned the saddle off, and I was up in a moment. She began at first so easily, and pricked her ears so lovingly, and minced about as if pleased to find so light a weight upon her, that I thought she knew I could ride a little, and feared to show any capers. “Gee wugg, Polly!” cried I, for all the men were now looking on, being then at the leaving-off time. “Gee wugg, Polly, and show what thou be’est made of.” With that I plugged my heels into her, and Bill Dadds flung his hat up.

Nevertheless, she outraged not, though her eyes were frightening Annie, and John Fry took a pick to keep him safe; but she curbed to and fro with her strong forearms rising like springs ingathered, waiting and quivering grievously, and beginning to sweat about it. Then her



**I FELT HER FORM BENEATH ME GATHERING UP LIKE
WHALEBONE**

master gave a shrill, clear whistle, when her ears were bent towards him, and I felt her form beneath me gathering up like whalebone, and her hindlegs coming under her, and I knew that I was in for it.

First she reared upright in the air, and struck me full on the nose with her comb, till I bled; and then down with her forefeet deep in the straw, and her hind feet going to heaven. Finding me stick to her still like wax, for my mettle was up as hers was, away she flew with me swifter than ever I went before or since, I trow. She drove full-head at the cob-wall — “Oh, Jack, slip off!” screamed Annie — then she turned like light, when I sought to crush her, and ground my left knee against it. “Mux me!” I cried, for my breeches were broken, and short words went the furthest; “if you kill me, you shall die with me.” Then she took the courtyard gate at a leap, knocking my words between my teeth, and then right over a quickset hedge, as if the sky were a breath to her; and away

for the water meadows, while I lay on her neck like a child at the breast, and wished I had never been born. Straight away, all in the front of the wind, and scattering clouds around her, all I knew of the speed we made was the frightful flash of her shoulders, and her mane like trees in a tempest. I felt the earth under us rushing away, and the air left far behind us, and my breath came and went, and I prayed to God, and was sorry to be so late of it.

All the long swift while, without power of thought, I clung to her crest and shoulders, and dug my nails into her creases, and my toes into her flanks, and was proud of holding on so long, though sure of being beaten. Then, in her fury, at feeling me still, she rushed at another device for it, and leaped the wide water trough sideways across, to and fro, till no breath was left in me. The hazel boughs took me too hard in the face, and the tall dog briers got hold of me, and the ache of my back was like crimping a fish; till I longed to give it up, thoroughly

beaten, and lie there and die in the cresses. But there came a shrill whistle from up the home hill, where the people had hurried to watch us, and the mare stopped as if with a bullet; then set off for home with the speed of a swallow, and going as smoothly and silently. I never had dreamed of such delicate motion, fluent and graceful, soft as the breeze flitting over the flowers, but swift as the summer lightning. I sat up again, but my strength was all spent, and no time left to recover it, and though she rose at our gate like a bird, I tumbled off into the straw.

“Well done, lad,” Mr. Faggus said, good-naturedly; for all were now gathered round me, as I rose from the ground, somewhat tottering and miry and crestfallen, but otherwise none the worse.

— RICHARD DODDRIDGE BLACKMORE.

THE CONVICT AND THE GOOD BISHOP

An hour before sunset one day in October, 1815, a man traveling afoot entered the little town of D——. The few persons, who, at this time were at their windows or their doors, regarded this traveler with a sort of distrust. It would have been hard to find a passer-by more wretched in appearance. He was a man of middle height, stout and hardy. A slouched leather cap half hid his face, bronzed by the sun and wind and dripping with sweat. His shaggy breast was seen through the coarse yellow shirt which was fastened at the neck by a small silver anchor. He wore a blue cravat twisted like a rope, coarse blue trousers worn and shabby, and an old ragged, gray blouse patched on one side with a piece of green cloth sewed with twine. Upon his back was a well-filled knapsack. In his hand he carried an enormous knotted stick. His stockingless feet were in hobnailed shoes. His beard was long.

This man must have walked all day, for he appeared very weary. Some women at the lower part of the town had seen him stop under the trees and drink at the fountain which is at the end of the promenade. He must have been very thirsty, for some children who followed him saw him stop not two hundred steps farther on and drink again at the fountain in the market place.

When he reached the mayor's office he went in, and a quarter of an hour afterward he came out. The traveler turned his steps toward the best inn, and went at once into the kitchen, which opened on the street. All the ranges were smoking, and a great fire was burning briskly in the chimney place. The host, who was at the same time head cook, was going from the fireplace to the saucepan, very busy with an excellent dinner for some wagoners who were laughing and talking noisily in the next room. A fat marmot, flanked by white partridges and a goose, was turning on a long spit before the fire; upon the ranges two large carps and a trout were cooking.

The host, hearing the door open and a newcomer enter, said without raising his eyes from the ranges, "What will monsieur have?"

"Something to eat and lodging."

"Nothing more easy," said mine host; but on turning his head and taking a look at the traveler, he added, "for pay."

"I have money."

"Then," said mine host, "I am at your service."

The man put his purse back into his pocket, took off his knapsack, and put it down hard by the door, and holding his stick in his hand, sat down on a low stool by the fire. However, as the host passed backward and forward he kept a careful eye on the traveler.

"Is dinner almost ready?" asked the man.

"Directly," answered mine host.

While the newcomer was warming himself with his back turned, the innkeeper took a pencil from his pocket, and then tore off the corner of an old paper. On the margin he wrote a line or

two, folded it, and handed the scrap of paper to a servant. The innkeeper then whispered a word to the boy who ran off in the direction of the mayor's office.

The traveler saw nothing of this. He asked a second time, "Is dinner ready?"

"Yes; in a few moments," said the host.

The boy came back with the paper. The host unfolded it hurriedly. He seemed to read with attention, then throwing his head on one side thought for a moment. Then he took a step toward the traveler, who seemed drowned in troublous thought.

"Monsieur," said he, "I cannot receive you."

The traveler half rose from his seat and said, "Why? Are you afraid I shall not pay you, or do you want me to pay in advance? I have money, I tell you."

"It is not that."

"What, then?"

"You have money —"

"Yes," said the man.

"And I," said the host — "I have no room."

"Well, put me in the stable," quietly replied the man.

"I cannot."

"Why not?"

"Because the horses take all the room."

"Well," responded the man, "a corner in the garret—a truss of straw. We will see about that after dinner."

"I cannot give you any dinner."

At this the traveler got up and said, "Ah, bah! But I am dying with hunger. I have walked since sunrise; I have traveled twelve leagues. I will pay, and I want something to eat."

"I have nothing," said the host.

The man burst into a laugh and, turning toward the fireplace and the ranges, cried, "Nothing! And all that?"

"All that is engaged."

"By whom?"

"By those persons, the wagoners."

"How many are there of them?"

"Twelve."

"There is enough there for twenty."

"They have engaged and paid for it all in advance."

The man sat down again and said, without raising his voice, "I am at an inn. I am hungry, and I shall stay."

The host bent down to his ear and said in a voice which made him tremble, "Go away!"

At these words the traveler, who was bent over, poking some embers in the fire with his iron-shod stick, turned suddenly around, and as he opened his mouth to reply, the host, looking steadily at him, added in the same low tone, "Stop! No more of that! Shall I tell you your name? Your name is Jean Valjean. Now shall I tell you *who* you are? When I saw you enter, I suspected something. I sent to the mayor's office, and here is the reply. Can you read?"

So saying, he held toward him the open paper which had just come from the mayor. The

man cast a look upon it. The innkeeper, after a short silence, said, "It is my custom to be polite to all. Go!"

The man bowed his head, picked up his knapsack, and went out. He walked at random, slinking near the houses like a sad and humiliated man. He did not once turn around. If he had, he would have seen the innkeeper standing in his doorway, with all his guests and the passers-by gathered about him, speaking excitedly and pointing him out. From the looks of fear and distrust which were exchanged, he would have guessed that before long his arrival would be the talk of the whole town. He saw nothing of all this. People with trouble do not look behind.

He walked along in this way for some time, forgetting fatigue. Suddenly he felt a pang of hunger; night was at hand, and he looked around to see if he could not discover a lodging. Just then a light shone at the end of the street; he saw a pine branch hanging by an

iron bracket outlined against the twilight sky. He went thither. The light came from a tavern.

The traveler stopped a moment, and looked through the little window into the low hall of the tavern, lighted by a small lamp upon a table, and by a great fire in the chimney place. Some men were drinking, and the host was warming himself. An iron pot hung over the fire, seething in the blaze.

Two doors led into this tavern, one from the street, the other from a small court full of rubbish. The traveler did not dare to enter by the street door; he slipped into the court, stopped again, then timidly raised the latch and pushed open the door.

"Who is it?" asked the host.

"One who wants supper and a bed."

"All right; here you can sup and sleep."

He went in. All the men who were drinking turned toward him. They examined him for some time as he was taking off his knapsack.

The lamp shone on one side of his face and the firelight on the other.

The host said to him, "There is the fire; the supper is cooking in the pot. Come and warm yourself, comrade."

He seated himself near the fireplace, and stretched his feet out toward the fire, half dead with fatigue. An inviting odor came from the pot. All that could be seen of his face under his slouched cap showed comfort.

However, one of the men at the table was a fisherman who had put up his horse at the stable of the inn before coming to the tavern. He had been one of the throng about the inn-keeper's doorway half an hour before. He beckoned to the tavern-keeper to come to him. They exchanged a few words in a low voice.

The tavern-keeper then returned to the fire, and laying his hand roughly on the traveler's shoulder said harshly, "You are going to clear out from here."



THEY EXCHANGED A FEW WORDS IN A LOW VOICE

The stranger turned around and said mildly,
“Ah! Do you know?”

“Yes.”

“They sent me away from the other inn.”

“And we turn you out of this one.”

“Where would you have me go?”

“Somewhere else.”

The man took up his stick and knapsack and went off. He passed the prison. An iron chain hung from the door, attached to a bell. He rang and the grating opened.

“Monsieur Turnkey,” said he, taking off his cap respectfully, “will you open and let me stay here to-night?”

A voice answered, “A prison is not a tavern. Get yourself arrested, and we will open.”

The grating closed. The traveler turned into a small street where there were many gardens. In one of them he saw a pretty little one-story house with a light in the window. He looked in as he had done at the tavern. It was a large whitewashed room, with a bed draped in

calico, a cradle in the corner, and some wooden chairs; a double-barreled gun hung against the wall. A table was set in the center of the room; a brass lamp lighted the coarse white tablecloth; a tin mug full of wine shone like silver, and the brown soup dish was smoking. At this table sat a man about forty years old, with a joyous, open countenance; he was trotting a little child upon his knee. Near by him a young woman was nursing another child. The father was laughing, the child was laughing, and the mother was smiling.

The traveler thought that in this happy home he might perhaps find a little pity. He rapped faintly on the window. No one heard him. He rapped a second time. He heard the woman say, "Husband, I think I hear some one rap."

"No," replied the husband.

He rapped a third time. The husband got up, took the lamp, and opened the door. He was a tall man, half peasant, half mechanic.

He wore a large leather apron. His shirt, wide and open, showed his bull-like throat, white and naked.

"Monsieur," said the traveler, "I beg your pardon. For pay can you give me a plate of soup and a corner of the shed in your garden to sleep in? Tell me; can you, for pay?"

"Who are you?" demanded the master of the house.

The man replied, "I have come from Puy-Moisson. I have walked all day. I have come twelve leagues. Can you, if I pay?"

"I wouldn't refuse to lodge any proper person who would pay," said the peasant, "but why do you not go to the inn?"

"There is no room."

"Bah! That is not possible. It is neither a fair day nor a market day. Have you been there?"

"Yes."

"Well?"

The traveler replied hesitatingly, "I don't know. He didn't take me."

“Have you been to the tavern?”

The stranger stammered, “They didn’t take me either.”

The peasant’s face showed distrust. He looked the newcomer over from head to foot, and suddenly exclaimed, with a sort of shudder, “Are you the man?”

He looked again at the stranger, stepped back, put the lamp on the table and took down his gun. His wife, on hearing the words, “Are you the man?” started up, and clasping her two children took refuge behind her husband.

After examining the stranger for a moment as one would a viper, the peasant advanced to the door and said, “Get out!”

“For pity’s sake, a glass of water,” said the man.

“A gunshot,” said the peasant, and then he closed the door violently.

Night came on apace. The cold Alpine winds were blowing. By the light of the waning day the stranger perceived in one of the gardens

which fronted the street, a kind of hut made of turf. He boldly cleared a wooden fence, and found himself in the garden. He neared the hut. Its door was a narrow, low entrance. It resembled the shanties which road laborers put up. These huts are not usually occupied at night. He got down and crawled into the hut. It was warm there, and he found a good bed of straw. He rested a moment upon this bed, motionless from fatigue; then, as his knapsack on his back troubled him and it would make a good pillow, he began to unbuckle the straps. Just then he heard a ferocious growling, and looking up saw the head of an enormous bull dog at the opening of the hut. It was a dog kennel! Seizing his stick, he made a shield of his knapsack, and got out of the kennel as best he could, but not without enlarging the rents in his already tattered garments. He made his way out of the garden backward out of respect to the dog.

When he had climbed over the fence, he again

found himself alone in the street, without shelter, driven even from the straw bed of that wretched dog kennel. He threw himself rather than seated himself on a stone, and exclaimed, "I am not even a dog!"

Then he arose and began to tramp again, taking his way out of town, hoping to find some tree or haystack beneath which to shelter himself. He walked on for some time, his head bowed down. When he thought he was far away from all human habitation, he raised his eyes and looked about him inquiringly. He was in a field; before him was a low hillock covered with stubble, which after harvest looks like a shaved head. There was nothing in the field nor upon the hill but one ugly tree, a few steps from him. It was so desolate that after a moment he turned back hastily to the road. He retraced his steps to town. The gates were closed. He passed through a breach in the old walls. It was about eight o'clock in the evening. As he did not know the streets he walked

at random. When he came to Cathedral Square he shook his fist at the church. At the corner of this square stood a printing office. Exhausted with fatigue, and hoping for nothing better, he lay down on a stone bench in front of this printing office.

Just then an old woman came out of the church. She saw the man lying there in the dark, and said, "What are you doing there, my friend?"

He replied harshly and with anger in his tone, "You see, my good woman, I am going to sleep."

"Upon the bench?" she asked.

"For nineteen years I have had a wooden mattress," said the man. "To-night I have a stone one."

"You have been a soldier?"

"Yes, my good woman, a soldier."

"Why don't you go to the inn?"

"Because I have no money."

"Alas!" said she. "I have only four sous in my purse."

“Give them, then.”

The man took the four sous, and she continued, “You cannot find lodging for so little in an inn, but have you tried? You cannot pass the night so. You must be cold and hungry. They should give you lodging for charity.”

“I have knocked at every door.”

“Well, what then?”

“Everybody has driven me away.”

The good woman touched the man’s arm and pointed out to him, on the other side of the square, a little low house beside the bishop’s palace.

“You have knocked at every door?” she asked.

“Yes.”

“Have you knocked at that one there?”

“No.”

“Knock there.”

II

That evening after his walk in the town, the bishop remained quite late in his room. At eight

o'clock he was still at work writing, when Madame Magloire came in as usual to take the silver from the panel near the bed. A moment after, the bishop, knowing that the table was laid and that his sister was perhaps waiting, closed his book and went into the dining room.

Just as the bishop entered, Madame Magloire was talking of fastening the front door. It seemed that while she was out making provision for supper she had heard the news that an ill-favored vagabond was lurking somewhere in town, and that every one ought to be careful to shut up, bolt, and bar his house properly and to secure his doors thoroughly.

The bishop, having come from a cold room, seated himself before the fire and began to warm himself. He had not heard a word of what was let fall by Madame Magloire, and she repeated it.

Then, turning his chair half round and raising to the old servant his good-humored face, he said, "Well, well! What is the matter? Are we in any great danger?"

Then the servant began her story again. "There is a barefooted gypsy man, a sort of dangerous beggar, in town, a man with a knapsack and a rope and a terrible looking face."

"Indeed!" said the bishop.

"Yes, monseigneur, it is true. Something will happen to-night in the town. Everybody says so. If monseigneur will permit me, I will go and tell the locksmith to come and put the old bolts in the door again."

At this moment there was a violent knock on the door.

"Come in!" said the bishop.

The door opened. A man entered. It was the traveler. He had his knapsack on his back and his stick in his hand. There was a fierce look in his eyes. Leaning with both hands on his club he said in a loud voice, without waiting for the bishop to speak, —

"See here! My name is Jean Valjean. I am a convict. I have been nineteen years in the galleys. Four days ago I was set free. During

those four days I have walked from Toulon. When I reached this place this evening I went to an inn, and they sent me away on account of my yellow passport which I had to show at the mayor's office. I went to another inn; they said 'Get out!' I went to the prison, and the turnkey would not let me in. I crept into a dog kennel; the dog bit me and drove me away. I went into the fields to sleep beneath the stars. There were no stars, so I came back to town to get shelter in some doorway. In the square I lay down upon a stone. A good woman showed me your house and said, 'Knock there.' I have knocked. What is this place? Are you an inn? I have money. I am very tired and I am so hungry. Can I stay?"

"Madame Magloire," said the bishop, "put on another plate."

The man took three steps and came near the lamp which stood on the table. "Stop!" he exclaimed, as if he had not been understood. "Not that. Did you understand me? I am a

galley slave, a convict. I am just from the galleys." He drew from his pocket a large sheet of yellow paper, which he unfolded; "There is my passport—yellow, as you see. That is enough to have me kicked out wherever I go. See, here is what they have put in: 'This man is very dangerous.' There you have it! Everybody has thrust me out; will you receive me? Can you give me something to eat, and a place to sleep?"

"Madame Magloire," said the bishop, "put some sheets on the bed in the alcove."

The bishop turned to the man. "Monsieur," he said, "sit down and warm yourself. We are going to have supper presently, and your bed will be made ready while you sup."

At last the man quite understood. His face became wonderful. He began to stutter like a madman. "True? You will keep me? You won't drive me away? Oh, the fine woman that sent me here! I have money and I will pay well. I beg your pardon; what is your name? You are an innkeeper. Aren't you?"

"I am a priest who lives here," said the bishop.

"A priest!" said the man. "Oh, you are the curé of this big church. Then you do not ask any money?"

"No," said the bishop; "keep your money."

Madame Magloire brought in a plate and set it on the table. The bishop said to her, "Put this plate as near the fire as you can." Then, turning toward his guest, he added, "The night wind is raw in the Alps; you must be cold, monsieur."

Every time he said this word "monsieur," with his gentle and hospitable voice, the man's face lighted up.

"The lamp," said the bishop, "gives a very poor light."

Madame Magloire understood him, and, going to the bishop's bedchamber, took from the mantel the two silver candlesticks, lighted the candles, and placed them on the table.

"Monsieur Curé," said the man, "you are

good; you do not despise me; you take me into your house; you light your candles for me, and I haven't hid from you where I came from and how miserable I am."

The bishop touched his hand gently and said, "You need not tell me who you are. You are suffering; you are hungry and thirsty; be welcome and do not thank me. Do not tell me that I take you into *my* house. This is the house of no man except him who needs an asylum. I tell you, who are a traveler, that you are more at home here than I. Whatever is here is yours. What need have I to know your name? Besides, before you told me I knew it."

The man opened his eyes in astonishment and exclaimed, "Really? You knew my name?"

"Yes," answered the bishop; "your name is 'My Brother.'"

"Stop! Stop!" exclaimed the man. "I was famished when I came in, but you are so kind that now I do not know what I am. That is all gone."

The bishop looked at him again and said, "You have seen much suffering?"

"Oh, the red blouse, the ball and chain, the plank to sleep on, the heat, the cold, the lash! The dogs—the dogs are happier!"

"Yes," said the bishop. "You have left a place of suffering. But listen: If you are leaving that sorrowful place with hate and anger against men, you are worthy of compassion; if you leave it with good will, gentleness, and peace, you are better than any of us."

In the meantime, Madame Magloire had served supper. She had without asking added to the usual meal of the bishop a bottle of fine old wine.

The bishop's countenance lighted up with pleasure. "To supper!" he said briskly, as was his habit when he had a guest. He seated the man at his right. The bishop's sister, perfectly quiet and natural, took her place at his left. The bishop asked the blessing, and then served the soup himself, according to his usual custom. The man fell to eating greedily.

Suddenly the bishop said, "It seems to me something is lacking on the table."

The fact was that Madame Magloire had set out only the three plates which were necessary. Now it was the custom of the house, when the bishop had any one to supper, to set all six of the silver plates on the table — an innocent display.

Madame Magloire understood the remark. Without a word she went out, and a moment afterwards the three plates for which the bishop had asked were shining on the cloth.

The man paid no attention to any one. He ate with the voracity of a starving man. After supper, however, he said, "Monsieur Curé, all this is too good for me, but I must say that the wagoners who wouldn't have me eat with them live better than you."

The bishop replied, "They are more fatigued than I am."

"No," responded the man, "they have more money. You are poor, I can see. Perhaps you

are not a curé even. Ah, if God is just, you well deserve to be a curé."

"God is more than just," said the bishop. A moment after, he added, "Monsieur Jean Valjean, you are going to Pontarlier, you say?"

"A compulsory journey. I must be on the road to-morrow morning by daybreak. It is a hard journey. If the nights are cold, the days are warm."

"You are going," said the bishop, "to a fine country. During the Revolution, when my family was ruined, I supported myself there for some time by the labor of my hands. There I found plenty of work, and had only to make my choice. They have in the region where you are going a business which is quite charming. It is dairying. Their dairies are of two kinds: the great barns, belonging to the rich, where there are forty or fifty cows, which produce from seven to eight thousand cheeses during the summer; and the associated dairies, which belong to the poor peasants inhabiting the mountains, who

put their cows into a common herd and divide the proceeds. They have a cheesemaker who receives the milk three times a day and notes the quantities."

The traveler became animated while the bishop was describing the good condition of a cheesemaker, as if he wished that this man should understand that one of these dairies would be a good asylum for him.

When the dessert was finished and the bishop had said grace, he turned toward the man and said, "You must be in great need of sleep." Then, after having said good night to his sister, the bishop took one of the silver candlesticks from the table, handed the other to his guest, and said to him, "Monsieur, I will show you to your room." The man followed him.

The house was so arranged that one could reach the alcove in the oratory only by passing through the bishop's sleeping chamber. Just as they were passing through this room, Madame Magloire was putting up the silver in the cup-



MADAME MAGLOIRE WAS PUTTING UP THE SILVER

board at the head of the bed. It was the last thing she did every night before going to bed.

The bishop left his guest in the alcove before a clean white bed. The man set the candlestick upon a small table. "A good night's rest to you," said the bishop. "To-morrow morning before you go you shall have a cup of warm milk from our cows."

"Thank you, Monsieur," said the man.

Scarcely had he pronounced the words of peace, when suddenly he made a singular motion which would have chilled the two good women of the house if they had seen it. He turned abruptly toward the old man, crossed his arms, and casting a wild look upon his host, exclaimed in a harsh voice, "Ah, now, indeed! You lodge me in your house, as near you as that?" He checked himself, and added with a laugh in which there was something horrible, "Have you reflected upon it? Who tells you that I am not a murderer?"

The bishop responded, "God will take care

of that." Then moving his lips like one praying, he raised his right hand and blessed the man, and without looking behind him went to his chamber.

As to the man, he was so completely exhausted that he did not even avail himself of the clean white sheets. He blew out the candle with his nostril, after the manner of convicts, and, dressed as he was, threw himself upon the bed and slept soundly.

Midnight struck, and shortly afterward all in the house slept.

III

As the cathedral clock struck two Jean Valjean awoke. What awakened him was too good a bed. He opened his eyes and looked into the obscurity about him. Many thoughts came to him, but there was one which drove away all others. He had noticed the six silver plates and the large ladle that Madame Magloire had put on the table. Those six silver plates took pos-

session of him. There they were, within a few steps. They were solid, and old silver. With the big ladle, they would bring at least two hundred francs, — double what he had received after nineteen years of labor.

For a whole hour he struggled with his desire. The clock struck three. He rose up hastily in bed, reached out his arm, and felt his haversack in the corner of the alcove. Then he thrust out his legs and placed his feet on the floor. Seated on his bed he remained for some time lost in thought. All at once he stooped down, took off his shoes, and put them softly upon the mat in front of the bed. Then he sat still again, and would, perhaps, have remained there until day-break if the clock had not struck the quarter or the half hour. The clock seemed to say to him, "Come along!" He rose to his feet, hesitated for a moment longer, and listened. All was still in the house. He walked cautiously straight toward the window. The night was not dark. There was a full moon, the glimmer of which

was enough to enable him to find his way. On reaching the window he examined it. It had no bars and was fastened with a little wedge only. It overlooked the garden. He opened it, but as the cold keen air rushed into the room, he closed it again immediately.

He looked into the garden with that absorbed look which studies rather than sees. The garden was inclosed by a white wall, quite low and readily scaled. When he had taken this observation, he turned like a man whose mind is made up, went to his alcove, took his haversack, opened it, fumbled in it, took out something which he laid upon the bed, put his shoes into one of his pockets, tied up his bundle, swung it upon his shoulders, put on his cap, and pulled the visor down over his eyes. Then he felt for his stick and went and put it in the corner of the window. Then he returned to the bed and took up what he had laid on it, — a short iron bar pointed at one end like a spear. It was nothing but a miner's drill. He took the

drill in his right hand and, holding his breath, moved with stealthy steps toward the door of the bishop's room.

On reaching the door he found it unlatched; the bishop had not closed it. Jean Valjean listened, — not a sound. He pushed the door lightly, and with the timorous carefulness of a cat. The door yielded to the pressure with a silent movement. He waited a moment, and then pushed the door again more boldly. It yielded gradually and silently. The opening was now wide enough for him to pass through; but there was a small table near the door which barred the entrance. Jean Valjean saw the obstacle. At all hazards the opening must be made still wider. He pushed the door a third time, harder than before. This time a rusty hinge suddenly sent out into the darkness a harsh and prolonged creak. Jean Valjean shivered. The noise of this hinge sounded in his ears as clear and terrible as the trumpet of the judgment day. For a moment he thought

he was lost. He stood still, petrified like the pillar of salt, not daring to stir. He listened. The noise had wakened nobody. This first danger was over, but still he felt within himself a frightful tumult. Nevertheless he did not flinch. His only thought was to make an end of it quickly. He took one step and was in the room.

A deep calm filled the chamber. Jean Valjean advanced, carefully avoiding the furniture. At the farther end of the room he could hear the quiet breathing of the sleeping bishop. Suddenly he stopped. He was near the bed. He had reached it sooner than he thought.

For nearly a half hour a great cloud had darkened the sky. At the moment when Jean Valjean paused before the bed, the cloud broke, as if purposely, and a ray of moonlight crossing the high window suddenly lighted the bishop's pale face. The sleeping bishop appeared as if in a halo. The silence added something strangely solemn to the repose of this venerable man.

Jean Valjean was in the shadow with the iron drill in his hand, erect, motionless, terrified at this radiant figure. He appeared ready either to cleave the bishop's skull or to kiss his hand. In a few moments he raised his left hand slowly to his forehead and took off his cap. The bishop still slept in profoundest peace.

Suddenly Jean Valjean put on his cap, then passed quickly along the bed straight to the cupboard near its head. He raised the drill to force the lock. The key was in it. He opened the cupboard. The first thing he saw was the basket of silver. He took it, crossed the room with hasty stride, careless of noise, reached the door, entered the oratory, took his stick, stepped out, put the silver in his knapsack, threw away the basket, ran across the garden, leaped over the wall like a tiger, and fled.

IV

The next day, at sunrise, the bishop, Monseigneur Bienvenu, was walking in the garden.

Madame Magloire ran toward him quite beside herself. "Monseigneur! Monseigneur!" cried she. "Does Your Greatness know where the silver basket is?"

"Yes," said the bishop.

"God be praised!" said she. "I did not know what had become of it."

The bishop had just found the basket on a flower bed. He gave it to Madame Magloire and said, "There it is."

"Yes," said she, "but there is nothing in it. The silver?"

"Ah!" said the bishop. "It is the silver, then, that troubles you? I do not know where that is."

"Good heavens! It is stolen. That man who came here last night stole it." In the twinkling of an eye Madame Magloire ran to the oratory, went into the alcove, and came back to the bishop, who was bending with some sadness over a flower which the basket had broken in falling.

He looked up at Madame Magloire's cry, "Monseigneur, the man has gone! The silver is stolen!"

The bishop was silent for a moment. Then he said mildly, "Now, first, did the silver belong to us?"

Madame Magloire did not answer. After a moment the bishop continued, "I have for a long time wrongfully withheld this silver. It belonged to the poor. Who was this man? A poor man, evidently."

"Alas! Alas!" returned Madame Magloire. "It is not on my account or mademoiselle's — it is all the same to us — but it is on yours. What is monseigneur going to eat from now?"

"Have we no tin plates?"

"Tin smells."

"Well, then, iron plates."

"Iron tastes."

"Well, then, wooden plates."

In a few minutes the bishop was breakfasting at the same table at which Jean Valjean sat

the night before. He pleasantly remarked to his sister, who said nothing, and to Madame Magloire, who was grumbling to herself, that there was really no need even of a wooden spoon or fork to dip a piece of bread into a cup of milk.

“Was there ever such an idea?” said Madame Magloire to herself as she went backward and forward. “To take in a man like that, and to give him a bed beside him! And yet what a blessing it was that he did nothing but steal! Oh, my stars! It makes the chills run over me when I think of it!”

Just as the brother and sister were rising from the table there was a knock at the door. “Come in,” said the bishop.

The door opened. A strange, fierce group appeared on the threshold. Three men were holding a fourth by the collar. The three men were officers; the fourth, Jean Valjean. A brigadier, who appeared to head the group, was near the door. He advanced toward the bishop, giving a military salute. “Monseigneur,” said he.

At this word, Jean Valjean, who was sullen and seemed entirely cast down, raised his head with a stupefied air. "Monseigneur!" he murmured. "Then it is not the curé."

"Silence!" exclaimed the brigadier. "It is monseigneur, the bishop."

In the meantime, Monseigneur Bienvenu had approached as quickly as his great age permitted. "Ah! There you are!" said he, looking toward Jean Valjean. "I am glad to see you. But I gave you the candlesticks also, which are silver like the rest, and would bring two hundred francs. Why did you not take them along with your plates?"

Jean Valjean looked at the bishop with an expression which no human tongue could describe.

"Monseigneur," said the brigadier, "then what this man said was true? We met him. He was going like a man running away, and we arrested him in order to see. He had this silver."

"And he told you," interrupted the bishop

with a smile, "that it had been given him by a good old priest with whom he had passed the night. I see it all. And you brought him back here? It is all a mistake."

"If that is so," said the brigadier, "we can let him go."

"Certainly," replied the bishop.

The officers released Jean Valjean, who shrank back, saying in a voice almost as if he were speaking in his sleep, "Is it true that they let me go?"

"Yes. You may go. Do you not understand?" said the brigadier.

"My friend," said the bishop, "before you go away, here are your candlesticks; take them." He went to the mantelpiece, took the two candlesticks, and brought them to Jean Valjean. The two women beheld the action without a word or gesture or look that might disturb the bishop.

Jean Valjean was trembling in every limb. He took the two candlesticks mechanically, with a wild expression on his face.

"Now," said the bishop, "go in peace. By the way, my friend, when you come again you need not come through the garden. You can always come in and go out by the front door. It is closed only with a latch day and night."

Then, turning to the officers, he said, "Gentlemen, you may retire." The officers withdrew.

Jean Valjean felt like a man who is just about to faint. The bishop approached him and said in a low voice, "Forget not—never forget—that you have promised me to use this silver to become an honest man."

Jean Valjean, who had no recollection of this promise, stood confounded.

The bishop had laid much stress upon these words as he uttered them. He continued solemnly, "Jean Valjean, my brother, you belong no longer to evil, but to good. It is your soul that I am buying for you. I withdraw it from dark thoughts and from the spirit of perdition, and I give it to God."

—VICTOR HUGO.

THE CHILD'S REALM

A little child sat on the sloping strand
Gazing at the flow and the free,
Thrusting its feet in the golden sand,
Playing with the waves and the sea.

I snatch'd a weed that toss'd on the flood
And parted its tangled skeins;
I trac'd the course of the fertile blood
That lay in its meshed veins;

I told how the stars are garner'd in space,
How the moon on its course is roll'd,
How the earth is hung in its ceaseless place
As it whirls in its orbit old:—

The little child paus'd with its busy hands
And gaz'd for a moment at me,
Then dropp'd again to its golden sands
And play'd with the waves and the sea.

—L. H. BAILEY.

HOW A CAT PLAYED ROBINSON CRUSOE

I

The island was a mere sandbank off the low, flat coast. Not a tree broke its bleak levels — not even a shrub. But the long, gritty stalks of the marsh grass clothed it everywhere above tide mark ; and a tiny rivulet of sweet water, flowing from a spring at its center, drew a ribbon of inland herbage and tenderer green across the harsh and somber yellow gray of the grass. Few would have chosen the island as a place to live, yet at its seaward end, where the changing tides were never still, stood a cottage, with a low shed behind it. The virtue of this lone plot of sand was coolness. When the mainland would be sweltering day and night, on the island there was always a cool wind blowing. Therefore a wise city dweller had built his summer home thereon.

The family came to the island toward the end of June. In the first week of September they

went away, leaving every door and window of house and shed securely shuttered, bolted, or barred against the winter's storms. A roomy boat, rowed by two fishermen, carried them across the half mile of racing tides that separated them from the mainland. The elders of the household were not sorry to get back to the world of men, after two months of mere wind, and sun, and waves, and waving grass tops. But the children went with tear-stained faces. They were leaving behind them their favorite pet, a handsome, moon-faced cat, striped like a tiger. The animal had disappeared two days before, without leaving a trace behind. The only reasonable explanation seemed to be that she had been snapped up by a passing eagle. The cat, meanwhile, was fast prisoner at the other end of the island, hidden beneath a broken barrel and some hundredweight of drifted sand.

The old barrel, with the staves battered out of one side, had stood, half buried, on the crest of a sand ridge raised by a long-prevailing wind.

Under its lee the cat had found a sheltered hollow, full of sun, where she had been wont to lie curled up for hours at a time, basking and sleeping. Meanwhile the sand had been steadily piling itself higher and higher behind the unstable barrier. At last it had piled too high; and suddenly, before a stronger gust, the barrel had come toppling over beneath a mass of sand, burying the sleeping cat out of sight and light. But at the same time the sound half of the barrel had formed a safe roof to her prison, and she was neither crushed nor smothered. When the children in their anxious search all over the island chanced upon the mound of fine, white sand, they gave it but one careless look. They could not hear the faint cries that came, at intervals, from the close darkness within. So they went away sorrowfully, little dreaming that their friend was imprisoned almost beneath their feet.

For three days the prisoner kept up her appeals for help. On the third day the wind changed and presently blew up a gale. In a few hours it

had uncovered the barrel. At one corner a tiny spot of light appeared.

Eagerly the cat stuck her paw through the hole. When she withdrew it again the hole was much enlarged. She took the hint and fell to scratching. At first her efforts were rather aimless; but presently, whether by good luck or quick sagacity, she learned to make her scratching more effective. The opening rapidly enlarged, and at last she was able to squeeze her way out.

Filled with flying sand, the wind was tearing madly across the island. The seas hurled themselves trampling up the beach, with the uproar of a bombardment. The grasses lay bowed flat in long, quivering ranks. Over the turmoil the sun stared down from a deep, unclouded blue. The cat, when first she met the full force of the gale, was fairly blown off her feet. As soon as she could recover herself, she crouched low and darted into the grass for shelter. But there was little shelter there, the long stalks being held down almost level. Through their lashed lines,



AT LAST SHE WAS ABLE TO SQUEEZE HER WAY OUT

however, she sped straight before the gale, making for the cottage where she would find, as she fondly imagined, not only food and shelter, but also loving comfort to make her forget her terrors.

Still and desolate in the bright sunshine and the tearing wind, the house frightened her. She could not understand the tight-closed shutters, the blind, unresponding doors that would no longer open to her anxious appeal. The wind swept her savagely across the naked veranda. Climbing with difficulty to the dining room window sill, where so often she had been let in, she clung there a few moments and yowled heart-brokenly. Then, in a sudden panic, she jumped down and ran to the shed. That, too, was closed. Never before had she seen the shed doors closed, and she could not understand it. Cautiously she crept around the foundations—but those had been built honestly: there was no such thing as getting in that way. On every side it was nothing but a blank, forbidding face that the old familiar house confronted her with.

The cat had always been so coddled and pampered by the children that she had had no need to forage for herself; but, fortunately for her, she had learned to hunt the marsh mice and grass sparrows for amusement. So now, being ravenous from her long fast under the sand, she slunk mournfully away from the deserted house and crept along under the lee of a sand ridge to a little grassy hollow which she knew. Here the gale caught only the tops of the grasses; and here, in the warmth and comparative calm, the furry little marsh folk, mice and shrews, were going about their business undisturbed. The cat, quick and stealthy, soon caught one and eased her hunger. She caught several. And then, making her way back to the house, she spent hours in heartsick prowling around it and around, sniffing and peering, yowling piteously on threshold and window sill; and every now and then being blown ignominiously across the smooth veranda floor. At last, hopelessly discouraged, she curled herself up beneath the children's window and went to sleep.

In spite of her loneliness and grief, the life of the island prisoner during the next two or three weeks was by no means one of hardship. Besides her abundant food of birds and mice, she quickly learned to catch tiny fish in the mouth of the rivulet, where salt water and fresh water met. It was an exciting game, and she became expert at dashing the gray tomcod and blue-and-silver sand lance far up the slope with a sweep of her armed paw. But when the equinoctial storms roared down upon the island, with furious rain, and low, black clouds torn to shreds, then life became more difficult for her. Game all took to cover, where it was hard to find. It was difficult to get around in the drenched and lashing grass; and, moreover, she loathed being wet. Most of the time she went hungry, sitting sullen and desolate under the lee of the house, glaring out defiantly at the rush and battling tumult of the waves.

The storm lasted nearly ten days. On the eighth day the abandoned wreck of a small Nova Scotia schooner drove ashore, battered out of all likeness to a ship. But hulk as it was, it had passengers of a sort. A horde of rats got through the surf and scurried into the hiding of the grass roots. They promptly made themselves at home, burrowing under the dead grass, and carrying panic into the ranks of the mice and shrews.

When the storm was over, the cat had a decided surprise in her first long hunting expedition. Something had rustled the grass heavily, and she trailed it, expecting a particularly large, fat marsh mouse. When she pounced and alighted upon an immense old ship's rat, she got badly bitten. Such an experience had never before fallen to her lot. At first she felt so injured that she was on the point of backing out and running away. Then her latent pugnacity awoke, and the fire of far-off ancestors. She flung herself into the fight with a rage that took no accounting of the wounds she got; and the

struggle was soon over. Her wounds, faithfully licked, quickly healed in that clean and tonic air; and after that, having learned how to handle such big game, she got bitten no more.

During the first full moon after her abandonment—the first week in October—the island was visited by still weather with sharp night frosts. The cat discovered then that it was most exciting to hunt by night and do her sleeping in the daytime. She found that now, under the strange whiteness of the moon, all her game was astir—except the birds, which had fled to the mainland during the storm, gathering for the southward flight. The blanched grasses, she found, were now everywhere a-rustle; and everywhere dim little shapes went darting with thin squeaks across ghostly white sands. Also she made the acquaintance of a new bird, which she regarded at first uneasily and then with vengeful wrath. This was the brown marsh owl, which came over from the mainland to do some autumn mouse hunting. There were two pairs of these

big, downy-winged, round-eyed hunters, and they did not know there was a cat on the island.

The cat, spying one of them as it swooped soundlessly hither and thither over the silvered grass tops, crouched with flattened ears. With its wide spread of wing it looked bigger than herself; and the great round face, with hooked beak and wild, staring eyes, appeared extremely formidable. However, she was no coward; and presently, though not without reasonable caution, she went about her hunting. Suddenly, the owl caught a partial glimpse of her in the grass — probably of her ears or head. He swooped; and at the same instant she sprang upward to meet the assault, spitting and growling harshly, and striking with unsheathed claws. With a frantic flapping of his great wings the owl checked himself and drew back into the air, just escaping the clutch of those indignant claws. After that the marsh owls realized that the black-striped animal with the quick spring and the clutching claws was not to be interfered with.

III

As the winter deepened — with bursts of sharp cold and changing winds that forced the cat to be continually changing her refuge — she grew more and more unhappy. She felt her homelessness keenly. Nowhere on the whole island could she find a nook where she might feel secure from both wind and rain. As for the old barrel, the first cause of her misfortunes, there was no help in that. The winds had long ago turned it completely over, open to the sky, then drifted it full of sand and reburied it. And in any case, the cat would have been afraid to go near it again. So it came about that she alone of all the island dwellers had not shelter to turn to when the real winter arrived, with snows that smothered the grass tops out of sight, and frosts that lined the shore with grinding ice cakes. The rats had their holes under the buried fragments of wreckage; the mice and shrews had their deep, warm tunnels; the owls had nests in hollow trees far

away in the forests of the mainland. But the cat, shivering and frightened, could do nothing but crouch against the blind walls of the unrelenting house and let the snow whirl itself about her.

And now, in her misery, she found her food cut off. The mice ran secure in their hidden runways, where the grass roots on each side of them gave them easy and abundant food. The rats, too, were out of sight—digging burrows themselves, in the soft snow, in the hope of intercepting some of the tunnels of the mice, and now and then snapping up an unwary passer-by. The ice fringe, crumbling and heaving under the ruthless tide, put an end to her fishing. She would have tried to capture one of the formidable owls in her hunger, but the owls no longer came to the island. They would return, no doubt, later in the season when the snow had hardened and the mice had begun to come out and play on the surface. But for the present they were following an easier chase in the deeps of the upland forest.

When the snow stopped falling and the sun came out again, there fell such keen cold as the cat had never felt before. The day, as it chanced, was Christmas; and if the cat had had any idea as to the calendar she would certainly have marked the day in her memory, as it was an eventful one for her. Starving as she was she could not sleep, but kept ceaselessly on the prowl. This was fortunate, for had she gone to sleep without any more shelter than the wall of the house she would never have awakened again. In her restlessness she wandered to the farther side of the island where, in a somewhat sheltered and sunny recess of the shore facing the mainland, she found a patch of bare sand, free of ice cakes and just uncovered by the tide. Opening upon this recess were the tiny entrances to several of the mouse tunnels.

Close beside one of these holes in the snow the cat crouched, quivering, intent. For ten minutes or more she waited, never so much as twitch-

ing a whisker. At last a mouse thrust out its little pointed head. Not daring to give it time to change its mind or take alarm, she pounced. The mouse, glimpsing the doom ere it fell, doubled back upon itself in the narrow runway. Hardly realizing what she did in her desperation, the cat plunged head and shoulders into the snow, reaching blindly after the vanished prize. By great good luck she caught it. It was her first meal in four bitter days.

Now she had learned a lesson. Being naturally clever, and her wits being sharpened by her fierce necessities, she had grasped the idea that it was possible to follow her prey a little way into the snow. She had not realized that the snow was so penetrable. She had quite wiped out the door of this particular runway; so she went and crouched beside a similar one, but here she had to wait a long time before an adventurous mouse came to peer out. But this time she showed that she had learned her lesson. It was straight at the side of the entrance that she

pounced, where instinct told her that the body of the mouse would be. One outstretched paw thus cut off the quarry's retreat. Her tactics were completely successful; and as her head went plunging into the fluffy whiteness she felt the prize between her paws.

Her hunger now fairly appeased, she found herself immensely excited over this new fashion of hunting. Often before had she waited at mouse holes, but never had she found it possible to break down the walls and invade the holes themselves. It was a thrilling idea. As she crept toward another hole a mouse scurried swiftly up the sand and darted into it. The cat, too late to catch him before he disappeared, tried to follow him. Scratching clumsily but hopefully, she succeeded in forcing the full length of her body into the snow. She found no sign of the fugitive, which was by this time racing in safety down some dim transverse tunnel. Her eyes, mouth, whiskers, and fur full of the powdery white particles, she backed out, much

disappointed. But in that moment she had realized that it was much warmer in there beneath the snow than out in the stinging air. It was a second and vitally important lesson; and though she was probably unconscious of having learned it she instinctively put the new lore into practice a little while later.

IV

Having succeeded in catching yet another mouse for which her appetite made no immediate demand, she carried it back to the house and laid it down in tribute on the veranda steps while she meowed and stared hopefully at the desolate, snow-draped door. Getting no response, she carried the mouse down with her to the hollow behind the drift which had been caused by the bulging front of the bay window on the end of the house. Here she curled herself up forlornly, thinking to have a wink of sleep.

But the still cold was too searching. She looked at the sloping wall of snow beside her

and cautiously thrust her paw into it. It was very soft and light. It seemed to offer practically no resistance. She pawed away in an awkward fashion till she had scooped out a sort of tiny cave. Gently she pushed herself into it, pressing back the snow on every side till she had room to turn around. Then turn around she did several times, as dogs do in getting their beds arranged to their liking. In this process she not only packed down the snow beneath her, but she also rounded out for herself a snug chamber with a comparatively narrow doorway. From this snowy retreat she gazed forth with a solemn air of possession; then she went to sleep with a sense of comfort, of "homeyness," such as she had never before felt since the disappearance of her friends.

Having thus conquered misfortune and won herself the freedom of the winter wild, her life, though strenuous, was no longer one of any terrible hardship. With patience at the mouse holes she could catch enough to eat; and in

her snowy den she slept warm and secure. In a little while, when a crust had formed over the surface, the mice took to coming out at night and holding revels on the snow. Then the owls, too, came back ; and the cat, having tried to catch one, got sharply bitten and clawed before she realized the propriety of letting it go. After this experience she decided that owls, on the whole, were meant to be let alone. But for all that, she found it fine hunting, out there on the bleak, unfenced, white reaches of the snow.

When spring came back to the island, with the nightly shrill chorus of fluting frogs in the shallow, sedgy pools and the young grass alive with nesting birds, the prisoner's life became almost luxurious in its easy abundance. But now she was once more homeless, since her snug den had vanished with the snow. This did not much matter to her, however, for the weather grew warmer and more tranquil day by day ; and, moreover, she herself, in being

forced back upon her instincts, had learned to be contented. Nevertheless, with all her capacity for learning and adapting herself she had not forgotten anything. So when, one day in June, a crowded boat came over from the mainland, and children's voices, clamoring across the grass tops, broke the desolate silence of the island, the cat heard and sprang up out of her sleep on the veranda steps.

For one second she stood, listening intently. Then, almost as a dog would have done, and as few of her tribe ever condescend to do, she went racing across to the landing place — to be snatched up into the arms of four happy children at once, and to have her fine fur ruffled to a state which it would cost her an hour's assiduous toilet to put in order.

—CHARLES G. D. ROBERTS.

THE DISCOVERY OF AMERICA

The adventurers had now been twenty-three days out of sight of land, all of which time advancing toward the west. Their hopes had been so often disappointed, that a sort of settled gloom now began to prevail among the common men. Still their feelings were in that feverish state which admits of any sudden change; and as the sea continued smooth, the air balmy, and the skies most genial, they were prevented from falling into despair. Columbus himself remained calm.

The wind remained fair, as before, and in the course of the night and day of the second of October the vessels sailed more than a hundred miles. The third proved even a still more favorable day, the distance made reaching to forty-seven leagues. The admiral now began to think seriously that he had passed the islands laid down in his chart, and decided to stand on west, with the intention of reaching the

shores of the Indies at once. The fourth was a better day than either, the little fleet passing steadily ahead, until it had fairly made one hundred eighty-nine miles.

Friday, October fifth, commenced even more favorably, Columbus finding his ship gliding through the water at the rate of about eight miles the hour, which was almost as fast as she had ever been known to go. The following day Providence appeared to urge them on at a speed that must soon solve the great problem which the admiral had been so long discussing with the learned. It was already dark, when the *Pinta* came down upon the quarter of the *Santa Maria*, until she had got so near that her commander hailed without the aid of a trumpet.

"Is Señor Don Christopher at his post, as usual?" hurriedly demanded Pinzón. "I see persons on the deck, but know not if his Excellency be among them."

"What wouldst thou, good Martin Alonso?" answered the admiral.

"I see so many reasons, noble Admiral, for changing our course more to the south, that I could not resist the desire to come down and say as much."

"Have we gained aught by changing our course in this direction? Islands *may* lie south, or even north of us; but a continent *must* lie west. Why abandon a certainty for an uncertainty?"

"I would, Señor, I might prevail on you to steer more to the south."

"Go to, Martin Alonso, and forget thy cravings. My heart is in the west, and thither reason teacheth me to follow it. First hear my orders, and then go seek the *Niña*, that thy brother, the worthy Vincente Yañez, may obey them also. Should aught separate us in the night, it shall be the duty of all to stand manfully toward the west, striving to find our company."

Pinzón, though evidently much displeased, was fain to obey.

“Martin Alonso beginneth to waver,” Columbus observed to Luis. “He is a bold and exceeding skillful mariner, but steadiness of object is not his greatest quality. He must be restrained from following the impulses of his weakness, by the higher hand of authority. Cathay! — Cathay, is my aim!”

After midnight the wind increased, and for two hours the caravels glanced through the smooth ocean at their greatest speed. Few now undressed; and Columbus slumbered on the deck that night, using an old sail for his couch. Luis was his companion, and both were up and on the deck with the first appearance of dawn. A common feeling seemed to exist among all that a great discovery was about to be made. An annuity of ten thousand maravedis had been promised to him who should first descry land, and every eye was on the gaze.

As the light diffused itself downward in the western horizon, all thought there was the appearance of land, and sail was eagerly crowded

on the different vessels. The *Nina* was the fastest vessel in light airs and smooth water, but she was also the smallest. The *Pinta* came next in general speed, while the *Santa Maria*, the last in point of sailing, had the highest masts, and consequently swept the widest range of horizon.

“There is a good feeling uppermost to-day, Señor Don Christopher,” said Luis, as he stood at the admiral’s side, watching the advance of the light; “and if eyes do it, we may hope for the discovery of land. The late run hath awakened all our hopes, and land we must have, if we raise it from the bottom of the sea.”

“Yonder is Pepe, perched on our highest yard, straining his eyes toward the west, in the hope of gaining the reward!” said Columbus, smiling.

“Martin Alonso is in earnest, also, Señor. See how he presseth forward in the *Pinta*; but Vincente Yañez hath the heels of him.”

“We are now quite a thousand leagues from

Ferro, by my private reckoning, friend Luis," said Columbus to his young companion, in one of their private conferences, which took place after nightfall, "and it is really time to expect the continent of Asia. The large flocks of birds that have appeared to-day would seem to invite us to follow their flights. I shall accordingly change our course more to the south."

The reason for this change was the fact that so many birds had been seen flying in that direction. The intention of the admiral was to pursue this course for two days. Notwithstanding this change, no land was visible in the morning.

In spite of their uncertainty, all in the vessel now rioted in the balmy softness of the atmosphere, which was found so fragrant that it was delicious to breathe it. The weeds, too, became more plentiful and many of them were as fresh as if torn from their native rocks only a day or two previously. Birds, that undoubtedly belonged to the land, were also seen in consider-

able numbers, one of which was actually taken; while ducks abounded, and a pelican was met. Thus passed the eighth of October. The succeeding day brought no other material change than a shift of wind, which compelled the admiral to alter his course.

Early on the morning of the tenth the vessels again headed towards the west southwest by compass, which was, in truth, the real course, or as near to it as might be. The wind had freshened, and all three of the vessels were running free the whole day, at a rate varying from five knots to nine. The signs of land had been so very numerous of late, that the adventurers had the strongest expectations of discovering it, and nearly every eye in all three of the ships was kept constantly bent on the western horizon, in the hope of its owner's being the first to make the joyful announcement of its appearance. The evening sky was watched with a vigilance even surpassing that which had attended any previous sunset. This was

the moment most favorable for examining the western horizon, the receding light illuminating the whole watery expanse in that direction, in a way to give up all its secrets to the eye.

“Is that a hummock of land?” asked Pepe of Sancho, in a low voice, as they lay together on a yard, watching the sun as it settled, like a glimmering star, beneath the margin of the ocean; “or is it some of this misguiding vapor that hath so often misled us of late?”

“’Tis neither, Pepe,” returned the more cool and experienced Sancho; “but a rise of the sea, which is ever thus tossing itself upward on the margin of the ocean. Our noble admiral may have the truth on his side, Pepe; but, as yet, he hath no other evidence of it than is to be found in his reasons.”

“And dost thou, too, take sides against him, Sancho, and say that he is a madman who is willing to lead others to destruction, as well as himself, so that he die an admiral in fact, and a viceroy in fancy?”

“I take sides against no man whose *doblas* take sides with me, Pepe; for that would be quarreling with the best friend that both the rich and the poor can make, which is gold. Don Christopher is doubtless very learned, and one thing hath he settled to my satisfaction, and that is, that this world is round; had it been a plain, all this water would not be placed at the outer side, since it would clearly run off unless dammed up by land. Thou canst conceive that, Pepe?”

“That do I; it is reasonable and according to every man’s experience. Monica thinketh the Genoese a saint!”

“Harkee, Pepe, what meaneth all this movement on deck? Our people seem to be much moved by some feeling. Dost not hear angry and threatening words from the mouths of the troublesome ones?”

“Were I Don Christopher, I would deduct a *dobla* from the wages of each of the rascals, and give the gold to such peaceable men as

you and me, Pepe, who are willing to starve to death, ere we will go back without a sight of Asia. Let us descend that his Excellency may see that he hath some friends in the crew."

As Sancho agreed to this proposition, he and Pepe stood on the deck in the next minute. Here, indeed, the people were found in a more mutinous state than they had been since the fleet left Spain. The long continuation of fair winds and pleasant weather had given them so much reason to expect a speedy termination of their voyage, that nearly the whole crew were now of opinion it was due to themselves to insist on the abandonment of an expedition that seemed destined to lead to nothing but destruction. The discussion was loud and angry. When Sancho and Pepe joined the crowd it had just been determined to go in a body to Columbus, and to demand the immediate return of the ships to Spain. In order that this might be done with method, Pedro Alonso Niño, one of the pilots, and an aged

seaman called Juan Martin, were selected as spokesmen. At this critical moment, too, the admiral and Luis were seen descending from the deck with an intent to retire to their cabin, when a rush was made aft, by all on deck, and twenty voices were heard simultaneously crying, —

“Señor — Don Christopher — Your Excellency — Señor Almirante!”

Columbus stopped, and faced the people with a calmness and dignity that caused the heart of Niño to leap toward his mouth, and which checked the ardor of most of his followers.

“What would ye?” demanded the admiral sternly. “Speak! Ye address a friend.”

“We come to ask our precious lives, Señor,” answered Juan Martin, “nay, what is more, the means of putting bread into the mouths of our wives and children. All here are weary of this profitless voyage, and most think if it last any longer than shall be necessary to



"ALL HERE ARE WEARY OF THIS PROFITLESS VOYAGE"

return, it will be the means of our perishing of want."

"Know ye the distance that lieth between us and Ferro, that ye come to me with this blind and foolish request?"

"Señor," returned the pilot, "we are all of a mind. To go farther into this blank and unknown ocean is tempting God to destroy us for our willfulness. It is vain to suppose that this broad belt of water hath been placed by Providence around the habitable earth for any other purpose than to rebuke those who seek to be admitted to mysteries beyond their understanding."

"I might retort to thee, honest Niño, with thine own words," answered Columbus, "and bid thee confide in those whose knowledge thou canst never equal, and follow submissively where thou art totally unfitted to lead. Go! Withdraw thy fellows, and let me hear no more."

"Nay, Señor," cried two or three in a breath, "we cannot perish without making our com-

plaints heard. We have followed too far already. Let us, then, turn the heads of the caravels toward Spain this night, lest we never live to see that blessed country again."

"This toucheth on revolt! Who among ye dare use language so bold to your admiral?"

"All of us, Señor," added twenty voices together. "Men need be bold, when their lives would be forfeited by silence."

"Sancho, art thou, too, of the party of these mutineers? Dost thou confess thy heart to be Spain-sick?"

"If I do, Señor Don Almirante, set me to greasing masts, and take me from the helm forever, as one unfit to watch the whirlings of the north star. Sail with the caravels into the hall of the Great Khan, and make fast to his throne, and you will find Sancho at his post, whether it be at the helm or at the lead. He was born in a shipyard, and hath a natural desire to know what a ship can do."

"And thou, Pepe? Hast thou so forgotten thy

duty as to come with this language to thy commander, to the admiral and viceroy of thy sovereign, the Doña Isabella?"

"Viceroy over what?" exclaimed a voice from the crowd, without permitting Pepe to answer. "A viceroy over seaweed, and one that hath tunny fish, and whales, and pelicans, for subjects! We tell you, Señor Colon, that this is no treatment for Castilians, who require more substantial discoveries than fields of weeds, and islands of clouds!"

"Home! Home! — Spain! — Palos! Palos!" cried nearly all together, Sancho and Pepe having quitted the throng and ranged themselves at the side of Columbus.

"We will no farther west, which is tempting God; but demand to be carried back whence we came, if, indeed, it be not already too late."

"To whom speak ye in this shameless manner, graceless knaves?" exclaimed Luis, unconsciously laying a hand where it had been his practice to carry a rapier. "Get ye gone, or —"

“Be tranquil, friend Luis, and leave this matter with me,” interrupted the admiral. “Listen to what I have to say, ye rude and rebellious men, and let it be received as my final answer to any and all such demands as ye have just dared to make. This expedition hath been sent forth by the two sovereigns, your royal master and mistress, with the express design of crossing the entire breadth of the vast Atlantic, until it might reach the shores of India. Now, let what will happen, these high expectations shall not be disappointed; but westward we sail, until stopped by the land. For this determination, my life shall answer.

“Look at what ye have before you, in the way of fear, and then at what ye have before you, in the way of hope. In the first case, ye have everything to dread from the sovereigns’ anger, should ye proceed to a violent resistance of their authority; or, what is as bad, something like a certainty of your being unable to reach Spain, for want of food and water, should ye revolt against

your lawful leaders, and endeavor to return. For this, it is now too late. The voyage east must, as regards time, be double that we have just made, and the caravels are beginning to be lightened in their casks. Land, and land in this region, hath become necessary to us. Now look at the other side of the picture. Before you lieth Cathay, with all its riches, its novelties, and its glories ! A region more wonderful than any that hath yet been inhabited by man, and occupied by a race as gentle as they are hospitable and just. To this must be added the approval of the sovereigns, and the credit that will belong to the meanest mariner that hath manfully stood by his commander."

"If we will obey three days longer, Señor, will you then turn toward Spain, should no land be seen?" cried a voice from the crowd.

"Never!" returned Columbus, firmly. "To India am I bound, and for India will I steer, though another month be needed to complete the journey. Go, then, to your posts or your hammocks, and let me hear no more of this!"

“This looketh serious, Señor,” said Luis, as soon as he and the admiral were alone again in their little cabin, “and it might cool the ardor of these knaves did Your Excellency suffer me to cast two or three of the most insolent of the vagabonds into the sea.”

“Which is a favor that some among them have actually contemplated conferring upon thee and me,” answered Columbus. “Sancho keepeth me well informed of the feeling among the people, and it is now many days since he hath let me know this fact. We will proceed peacefully, if possible, as long as we can; but should there truly arise an occasion to resort to force, thou wilt find that Christofero Columbo knoweth how to wield a sword as well as he knoweth how to use his instruments of science.”

“How far do you really think us from land, Señor Almirante? I ask from curiosity, and not from dread; for though the ship floated on the very verge of the earth, ready to fall off into vacuum, you should hear no murmur from me.”

"I am well assured of this, young noble," returned Columbus, "else wouldst thou not be here. I make our distance from Ferro exceed a thousand marine leagues."

"Then you think, Señor, that we may really expect land, ere many days?"

"So certain do I feel of this, Luis, that I should have little fear in agreeing to the terms of these audacious men, but for the humiliation. Ptolemy divided the earth into twenty-four hours, of fifteen degrees each, and I place but some five or six of these hours in the Atlantic. Thirteen hundred leagues, I feel persuaded; will bring us to the shores of Asia, and eleven of these thirteen hundred leagues do I believe we have come."

"To-morrow may then prove an eventful day, Señor Almirante. And now to our cots, where I shall dream of a fairer land than Christian eye ever yet looked upon, with the fairest maiden of Spain — nay, of Europe — beckoning me on!"

Columbus and Luis now sought their rest. In the morning, it was evident by the surly looks of the people, that feelings like a suppressed volcano were burning in their bosoms, and that any untoward accident might produce an eruption. Fortunately, however, signs of a nature so novel soon appeared, as to draw off the attention of the most dissatisfied from their melancholy broodings. The wind was fresh, and, what was really a novelty since quitting Ferro, the sea had got up, and the vessels were riding over waves which removed that appearance of an unusual calm that had hitherto alarmed the men with its long continuance. Columbus had not been on deck five minutes when a joyful cry from Pepe drew all eyes toward the yard on which he was at work. The seaman was pointing eagerly at some object in the water; and, rushing to the side of the vessel, all saw the welcome sign that had caught his gaze. As the ship lifted on a sea, and shot ahead, a rush of a bright, fresh green was passing, and the men gave a loud shout, for all well knew

that this plant certainly came from some shore, and that it could not have been long torn from the spot of its growth.

“This is truly a blessed omen!” said Columbus; “rushes cannot grow without the light of heaven, whatever may be the case with weeds.”

A few hours later, fresh weeds were met, and about noon Sancho announced confidently that he had seen a fish which is known to live in the vicinity of rocks. An hour later, the *Niña* came sheering up toward the admiral, with her commander in the rigging, evidently desirous of communicating some tidings of moment.

“What now, good Vincente Yañez?” called out Columbus; “thou seemest the messenger of welcome news!”

“I think myself such, Don Christopher,” answered the other. “We have just passed a bush bearing roseberries, quite newly torn from the tree. This is a sign that cannot deceive us.”

“Thou say’st true, my friend. To the west!

To the west! Happy will he be whose eyes first behold the wonders of the Indies!"

It would not be easy to describe the degree of hope and exultation that now began to show itself among the people. Good-natured jests flew about the decks, and the laugh was easily raised where so lately all had been despondency.

A little later a cry of exultation was heard from the *Pinta*, which was a short distance to windward and ahead of the admiral. As this vessel shortened sail and hove to, lowering a boat, and then immediately kept away, the *Santa Maria* soon came foaming up under her quarter, and hailed.

"What now, Martin Alonso?" asked Columbus.
"Thou and thy people seem in an ecstasy!"

"Well may we be so! About an hour since, we passed a piece of the cane plant of the sort of which sugar is made in the East, as travelers say, and such as we often see in our own ports. But this is a trifling sign of land compared to the

trunk of a tree that we have also passed. As if Providence had not yet dealt with us with sufficient kindness, all these articles were met floating near each other; and we have thought them of sufficient value to lower a boat."

"Lay thy sails to the mast, good Martin Alonso, and send thy prizes hither, that I may judge of their value."

Pinzón complied, and the *Santa Maria* being hove to at the same time, the boat soon touched her side. Martin Alonso made one bound to the gunwale of the ship, and was soon on the deck of the admiral. Here he eagerly displayed the different articles that his men tossed after him, all of which had been taken out of the sea, not an hour before.

"See, noble Señores," said Martin Alonso, almost breathless with haste to display his treasures, "this is a sort of board, though of unknown wood, and fashioned with exceeding care; here is also another piece of cane; this is a plant that surely cometh from the land;

and most of all, this is a walking stick, fashioned by the hand of man ! ”

“ All this is true,” said Columbus, examining the different articles, one by one ; “ God, in His might and power, be praised for these comfortable evidences of our near approach to a new world ! ”

“ These things have without doubt come from some boat that hath been upset, which will account for their being so near each other in the water,” said Martin Alonso. “ It would not be wonderful were drowned bodies near.”

“ Let us hope not, Martin Alonso,” answered the admiral. “ A thousand accidents may have thrown these articles together, into the sea ; and what is more, they would float in company for a twelvemonth, unless violently separated. But came they whence they may, to us they are certain proofs that not only land is near, but land which is the abiding place of men.”

It is not easy to describe the enthusiasm that now prevailed in all the vessels. Hitherto they had met with only birds and fishes and

weeds ; but here was such proof of their being in the neighborhood of their fellow creatures, as it was not easy to withstand. It was true, articles of this nature might drift, in time, even across the vast distance they had come ; but it was not probable that they would drift so far in company. Then, the berries were fresh, the board was of an unknown wood, and the walking stick, in particular, if such indeed was its use, was carved in a manner that was never practiced in Europe. The different articles passed from hand to hand, until all in the ship had examined them ; and everything like doubt vanished before this unlooked-for confirmation of the admiral's predictions. Pinzón returned to his vessel, sail was again made, and the fleet continued to steer to the west southwest, until the hour of sunset.

The wind freshened as evening closed, and Columbus having called his vessels together, as was usual with him at that hour, issued new orders concerning the course. For the last two

or three days they had been steering materially to the southward of west, and Columbus, who felt persuaded that his most certain and his nearest direction from land to land was to cross the ocean, if possible, on a single parallel of latitude, was anxious to resume his favorite course, which was what he fancied to be due west. Just as night drew around the mariners, accordingly, the ships edged away to the required course.

Immediately after this change in the course, the people sang the vesper hymn, as usual, which, in that mild sea, they often deferred until the hour when the watch below sought their hammocks. That night, however, none felt disposed to sleep, and it was late when the chant of the seamen commenced with the words of "Salve fac Regina." It was a solemn thing to hear the songs of religious praise mingling with the sighings of the breeze and the wash of the waters, in that ocean solitude. Never before had this hymn sounded so sweet

in the ears of Columbus, and Luis found his eyes filling with tears, as he recalled the soft, thrilling notes of Mercedes' voice, in her holy breathings of praise at this hour. When the office ended, the admiral called the crew to the quarter-deck, and addressed them earnestly:—

“I rejoice, my friends,” he said, “that you have had the grace to chant the vesper hymn in so devout a spirit, at a moment when there is so much reason to be grateful to God for His goodness to us throughout this voyage. Look back at the past and see if one of you, the oldest sailor of your number, can recall any passage at sea, I will not say of equal length, for that no one here hath ever before made, but any equal number of days at sea, in which the winds have been as fair, the weather as favorable, or the ocean as calm as on this occasion. Then what cheering signs have encouraged us to persevere. God is in the midst of the ocean, my friends, as well as in His sanctuaries of the land. Step by step, as it were, hath He led us on, now filling the air with birds,

now causing the sea to abound with unusual fishes, and then spreading before us fields of plants, such as are seldom met far from rocks where they grew. The last and best of His signs hath He given us this day. My own calculations are in unison with these proofs, and I deem it probable that we reach the land this very night. In a few hours, or when we shall have run the distance commanded by the eye, as the light left us, I shall deem it prudent to shorten sail; and I call on all of you to be watchful, lest we unwittingly throw ourselves on the strange shores. We know that the sovereigns have graciously promised ten thousand maravedis, yearly, and for life, to him who shall first discover land; to this rich reward I will add a doublet of velvet, such as it would befit a grandee to wear. Sleep not, then; but, at the turn of the night, be all vigilance and watchfulness. I am now most serious with ye, and look for land this very blessed night."

These encouraging words produced their full

effect, the men scattered themselves in the ship, each taking the best position he could, to earn the coveted prizes. Columbus remained on the deck, while Luis, less interested, threw himself on a sail, and passed the time in musing on Mercedes, and in picturing to himself the joyful moment when he might meet her again, a triumphant and successful adventurer.

The deathlike silence that prevailed in the ship added to the absorbing interest of that important night. At the distance of a mile was the little *Niña*, gliding on her course with a full sail; while half a league still farther in advance was to be seen the shadowy outline of the *Pinta*, which preceded the rest, as the swiftest sailor with a fresh breeze. Sancho had been round to every sheet and brace, in person, and never before had the admiral's ship held as good way as on that night, all three of the vessels appearing to have caught the eager spirit of those they contained, and to be anxious to outdo themselves. At moments the men started, while the wind mur-

mured through the cordage, as if they heard unknown and strange voices from a mysterious world; and fifty times, when the waves combed up on the sides of the ship, did they turn their heads, expecting to see a crowd of unknown beings, fresh from the eastern world, pouring in upon their decks.

As for Columbus, he sighed often; for minutes at a time would he stand looking intently toward the west. At length he bent his body forward, gazed intently over the weather railing of the ship, and then, lifting his cap, he seemed to be offering up his spirit in thanksgiving or prayer. All this Luis witnessed where he lay; at the next instant he heard himself called.

“Luis,” said Columbus, his fine masculine voice trembling with eagerness, “come hither, son; tell me if thine eyes accord with mine. Look in this direction — here, more on the vessel’s beam; seest thou aught uncommon?”

“I saw a light, Senor; one that resembled a candle, being neither larger nor more brilliant;



"LOOK IN THIS DIRECTION — SEEST THOU AUGHT UNCOMMON?"

and to me it appeared to move, as if carried in the hand, or tossed by waves."

"Thy eyes did not deceive thee; thou seest it doth not come of either of the ships, both of which are here on the bow."

"What do you, then, take this light to signify, Don Christopher?"

"Land! It is either on the land itself, rendered small by distance, or it cometh of some vessel that is a stranger to us, and which belongeth to the Indies. There is Rodrigo Sanchez of Segovia, the comptroller of the fleet, beneath us; descend, and bid him come hither."

Luis did as required, and presently the comptroller was also at the admiral's side. Half an hour passed, and the light was not seen again; then it gleamed upward once or twice, like a torch, and finally disappeared. This circumstance was soon known to all in the ship, though few attached the same importance to it as Columbus himself.

"This is land," quietly observed the admiral,

to those near his person ; “ ere many hours we may expect to behold it. Now ye may pour out your souls in gratitude and confidence, for in such a sign there can be no deception.”

Notwithstanding this great confidence on the part of the admiral, most of those in the ship did not yet feel the same certainty in the result, although all felt the strongest hopes of falling in with land next day. Columbus saying no more on the subject, the former silence was soon resumed, and, in a few minutes, every eye was again turned toward the west, in anxious watchfulness. In this manner the time passed away, the ships driving ahead with a speed much exceeding that of their ordinary rate of sailing, until the night had turned, when its darkness was suddenly illuminated by a blaze of light, and the report of a gun from the *Pinta* came struggling up against the fresh breeze of the trades.

“ There speaketh Martin Alonso ! ” exclaimed the admiral, “ and we may be certain that he hath not given the signal idly. Who sitteth

on the top-gallant yard, there, on watch for wonders ahead?"

"Señor Don Almirante, it is I," answered Sancho. "I have been here since we sang the vesper hymn."

"Seest thou aught unusual, westward? Look vigilantly, for we touch on mighty things!"

"Naught, Señor, unless it be that the *Pinta* is lessening her canvas, and the *Niña* shortening sail also!"

"For these great tidings, all honor and praise be to God! These are proofs that no false cry hath this time misled their judgments."

Everything was now in motion on board the *Santa Maria*, which went dashing ahead for another half hour, when she came up with the two caravels, both of which had hauled by the wind, under short canvas, and were forging slowly through the water, on different tacks, like coursers cooling themselves after having ended a severe struggle by reaching the goal.

"Come hither, Luis," said Columbus, "and

feast thine eyes with a sight that doth not often meet the gaze of the best of Christians."

The night was far from dark, a tropical sky glittering with a thousand stars, and even the ocean itself appearing to give forth a somber, melancholy light. By the aid of such assistants it was possible to see several miles, and more especially to note objects on the margin of the ocean. When the young man cast his eyes to leeward, as directed by Columbus, he very plainly perceived a point where the blue of the sky ceased, and a dark mound rose from the water, stretching for a few leagues southward, and then terminated, as it had commenced, by a union between the watery margin of the ocean and the void of heaven. The intermediate space had the defined outline, the density, and the hue of land, as seen at midnight.

"Behold the Indies!" said Columbus; "the mighty problem is solved! This is doubtless an island, but a continent is near. Praise be to God!"

— JAMES FENIMORE COOPER.

BOYHOOD OF HORACE GREELEY

There was little work to do at home, and after breakfast the house was left to take care of itself, and away went the family, father, mother, boys, girls, and oxen to work together.

Clearing land offers an excellent field for family labor, as it affords work adapted to all degrees of strength. The father chopped the larger logs, and directed the labor of all the company. Horace drove the oxen, and drove them none too well, say the neighbors, and was gradually supplanted in the office of driver by his younger brother.

Both the boys could chop the smaller trees. Their mother and sisters gathered together the light wood into heaps. And when the great logs had to be rolled one upon another, there was scope for the combined skill and strength of the whole party.

Many happy and merry days the family spent together in this employment. The mother's spirit never flagged. Her voice rose in song and laughter from the tangled brushwood in which she was

so often buried; and no word discordant or unkind was ever known to break the perfect harmony, to interrupt the perfect good humor that prevailed in the family.

At night, they went home to the most primitive of suppers.

The neighbors still point out a tract of fifty acres which was cleared in this sportive and Swiss-Family-Robinson-like manner. They show the spring on the side of the road where the family used to stop and drink on their way; and they show a hemlock tree, growing from the rocks above the spring, which used to furnish the brooms, weekly renewed, which swept the little house in which the little family lived.

To complete the picture, imagine them all clad in the same material, the coarsest kind of linsey-woolsey, homespun, dyed with butternut bark, and the different garments made in the roughest and simplest manner by the mother.

More than three garments at the same time, Horace seldom wore in the summer, and these

were, — a straw hat, generally in a state of dilapidation, a tow shirt, never buttoned, a pair of trousers made of the family material. . . . In the winter he added a pair of shoes and a jacket. During the five years of his life at Westhaven, probably his clothes did not cost three dollars a year; and I believe that, during the whole period of his childhood, up to the time when he came of age, not fifty dollars in all were expended upon his dress. . . .

He went to school three winters in Westhaven, but not to any great advantage. He had already gone the round of district school studies, and did little more after his tenth year than walk over the course, keeping lengths ahead of all competitors.

“He was always,” says one of his Westhaven schoolmates, “at the top of the school. He seldom had a teacher that could teach him anything. Once, and once only, he missed a word. His fair face was crimsoned. He was terribly cut about it, and I fancied he was not himself for a week after.

“I see him now, as he sat in class, with his

slender body, his large head, his open, ample forehead, his pleasant smile, and his coarse, clean, homespun clothes. His attitude was always the same. He sat with arms loosely folded, head bent forward, legs crossed, and one foot swinging.

“He did not seem to pay attention, but nothing escaped him. He appeared to attend more from curiosity to hear what sort of work *we* made of the lesson than from any interest he took in the subject for his own sake. Once I parsed a word egregiously wrong, and Horace was so taken aback by the mistake that he was startled from his propriety, and exclaimed, loud enough for the class to hear him, ‘*What* a fool!’ The manner of it was so ludicrous that I, and all the class, burst into laughter.”

. . . If Horace got little good himself from his last winters at school, he was of great assistance to his schoolfellows in explaining to them the difficulties of their lessons. Few evenings passed in which some strapping fellow did not come to the house with his grammar or his slate, and sit

demurely at the side of Horace, while the distracting sum was explained, or the dark passage in the parsing lesson illuminated.

The boy delighted to render such assistance.



**FEW EVENINGS PASSED IN WHICH SOME STRAPPING FELLOW
DID NOT COME TO THE HOUSE**

However deeply he might be absorbed in his own studies, as soon as he saw a puzzled countenance peering in at the door, he knew his man, knew

what was wanted; and would jump up from his recumbent posture in the chimney corner, and proceed, with a patience that is still gratefully remembered, to impart the information required.

In his passion for books, he was alone among his companions, who attributed his continual reading more to indolence than to superiority of intelligence. It was often predicted that, whoever else would prosper, Horace never would.

And yet, he gave proof in very early life that the Yankee element was strong within him. In the first place, he was always *doing* something; and, in the second, he always had something to *sell*. He saved nuts, and exchanged them at the store for articles he wished to purchase. He would hack away, hours at a time, at a pitch-pine stump, the roots of which are as inflammable as pitch itself, and, tying up the roots in little bundles, he would "back" the load to the store, and sell it for kindling wood.

His favorite outdoor sport, too, at Westhaven, was bee-hunting, which is not only an agreeable

and exciting pastime, but occasionally rewards the hunter with a prodigious mass of honey — as much as a hundred and fifty pounds having been frequently obtained from a single tree. This was profitable sport, and Horace liked it amazingly. His share of the honey generally found its way to the store. By these and other expedients, the boy managed always to have a little money, and when a peddler came along with books in his wagon, Horace was pretty sure to be his customer. . . .

What did he read? Whatever he could get. But his preference was for history, poetry, and — newspapers. He had read the whole Bible before he was six years old. He read the “Arabian Nights” with intense interest in his eighth year; “Robinson Crusoe” in his ninth; Shakespeare in his eleventh; in his twelfth, thirteenth, and fourteenth years, he read a good many of the common, superficial histories — Robertson’s, Goldsmith’s, and others — and as many tales and romances as he could borrow.

— JAMES PARTON.

THE YANKEE BOY

The Yankee boy, before he's sent to school,
Well knows the mysteries of that magic tool,
The pocket knife. To that his wistful eye
Turns while he hears his mother's lullaby ;
His hoarded cents he gladly gives to get it,
Then leaves no stone unturned till he can whet it ;
And in the education of the lad
No little part that implement hath had.
His pocket knife to the young whittler brings
A growing knowledge of material things.

Projectiles, music, and the sculptor's art,
His chestnut whistle, and his shingle dart,
His elder popgun with its hickory rod,
Its sharp explosion and rebounding wad,
His cornstalk fiddle, and the deeper tone
That murmurs from his pumpkin-stalk trombone,
Conspire to teach the boy. To these succeed
His bow, his arrow of a feathered reed,
His windmill, raised the passing breeze to win,
His water wheel, that turns upon a pin ;
Or, if his father lives upon the shore,
You'll see his ship, " beam ends upon the floor,"
Full rigged, with raking masts, and timbers stanch,
And waiting, near the washtub, for a launch.



Sully

THE BOY WITH THE TORN HAT

Thus, by his genius and his jackknife driven,
Ere long he'll solve you any problem given ;
Make any jimcrack, musical or mute,
A plow, a couch, an organ, or a flute ;
Make you a locomotive or a clock,
Cut a canal, or build a floating dock,
Or lead forth beauty from a marble block ;
Make anything, in short, for sea or shore,
From a child's rattle to a seventy-four ; —
Make it, said I ? — Ay, when he undertakes it,
He'll make the thing, and the machine that makes it.

And when the thing is made, — whether it be
To move on earth, in air, or on the sea ;
Whether on water, o'er the waves to glide,
Or, upon land to roll, revolve, or slide ;
Whether to whirl or jar, to strike or ring,
Whether it be a piston or a spring,
Wheel, pulley, tube sonorous, wood or brass,
The thing designed shall surely come to pass ;
For, when his hand's upon it, you may know
That there's go in it, and he'll make it go.

— JOHN PIERPONT.

THE EYE AND THE EAR

Unlike the other senses, the eye is always at work, except when we sleep, and may, consequently, be the vehicle of far more enjoyment than any other organ of sense. It has given our race its ideas of infinity, symmetry, grace, and splendor; it is the chief source of childhood's joys, and throughout life the guide to almost all pleasurable activities.

The pleasure it gives us, however, depends largely upon the amount of attention we pay to the pictures which it incessantly sets before the brain.

Two men walk along the same road; one notices the blue depths of the sky, the floating clouds, the opening leaves upon the trees, the green grass, the yellow buttercups, and the far stretch of the open fields; the other has precisely the same pictures on his retina, but pays no attention to them. One sees, and the other does not see; one enjoys an unspeakable pleasure, and

the other loses that pleasure which is as free to him as the air.

The beauties which the eye reveals are infinitely various in quality and scale; one mind prefers the minute, another the vast; one the delicate and tender, another the coarse and rough; one the inanimate things, another the animate creation.

The whole outward world is the kingdom of the observant eye. He who enters into any part of that kingdom to possess it has a store of pure enjoyment in life which is literally inexhaustible and immeasurable. His eyes alone will give him a life worth living.

Next comes the ear as a minister of enjoyment, but next at a great interval. The average man probably does not recognize that he gets much pleasure through hearing. He thinks that his ears are to him chiefly a convenient means of human intercourse. But let him experience a temporary deafness, and he will learn that many a keen delight came to him through the ear. He

will miss the beloved voice, the merry laugh, the hum of the city, the distant chime, the song of birds, the running brook, the breeze in the trees, the lapping wavelets, and the thundering beach ; and he will learn that familiar sounds have been to him sources of pure delight — an important element in his well-being.

Old Izaak Walton found in the lovely sounds of earth a hint of Heaven :

“How joyed my heart in the rich melodies
That overhead and round me did arise !
The moving leaves, the water’s gentle flow,
Delicious music hung on every bough.
Then said I in my heart, If that the Lord
Such lovely music on the earth accord ;
If to weak, sinful man such sounds are given,
Oh ! what must be the melody of heaven !”

A high degree of that fine pleasure which music gives is not within the reach of all ; yet there are few to whom the pleasure is wholly denied. To take part in producing harmony, as in part-singing, gives the singers an intense pleasure, which is doubtless partly physical and

partly mental. I am told that to play good music at sight, as one of several performers playing different instruments, is as keen a sensuous and intellectual enjoyment as the world affords.

These pleasures through the eye and ear are open in civilized society to all who have the will to seek them, and the intelligence to cultivate the faculties through which they are enjoyed.

They are quite as likely to bless him who works with hand or brain all day for a living, as him who lives inactive on his own savings, or on those of other people. The outward world yields them spontaneously to every healthy body and alert mind; but the active mind is as essential to winning them as the sound body.

—CHARLES W. ELIOT.

THE HOMES OF THE PEOPLE

A few Sundays ago I stood on a hill in Washington. My heart thrilled as I looked on the towering marble of my country's Capitol, and a mist gathered in my eyes, as standing there, I thought of its tremendous significance and the powers there assembled, and the responsibilities there centered—its President, its Congress, its courts, its gathered treasure, its army, its navy, and its millions of citizens. It seemed to me the



THE NATIONAL CAPITOL AT WASHINGTON

best and mightiest sight that the sun could find in its wheeling course — this majestic home of a Republic that has taught the world its best lessons of liberty. I felt that if wisdom, and justice, and honor abided therein, the world would stand indebted to this temple on which my eyes rested.

A few days later I visited a country home. It was just a modest, quiet house sheltered by great trees and set in a circle of field and meadow, gracious with the promise of harvest. The fragrance of pink and hollyhock mingled with the aroma of garden and orchard, and the air was resonant with the hum of bees and poultry's busy clucking. Inside the house was thrift, comfort, and that cleanliness that is next to godliness — the restful beds, the open fireplace, the books and papers, and the old clock.

Outside stood the master, strong and wholesome and upright; wearing no man's yoke; with no mortgage on his roof, and no lien on his ripening harvest; pitching his crops in his own wisdom, and selling them in his own time in his

chosen market; master of his lands and master of himself.

Near by stood his aged father, happy in the heart and home of his son. As they started to the house, the old man's hands rested on the young man's shoulder, laying there the unspeakable blessing of an honored and grateful father.

As they drew near the door, the old mother appeared, with the sunset falling on her face, softening its wrinkles and its tenderness, lighting up her patient eyes, and the rich music of her heart trembling on her lips, as in simple phrase she welcomed her husband and son to their home.

Beyond was the good wife, true of touch and tender, happy amid her household cares, clean of heart and conscience, the helpmate and the buckler of her husband. And the children, strong and sturdy, trooping down the lane with the lowing herd or, weary of simple sport, seeking, as truant birds do, the quiet of the old home nest.

And I saw the night descend on that home, falling gently as from the wings of the unseen

dove. And the stars swarmed in the bending skies; the trees thrilled with the cricket's cry; the restless bird called from the neighboring wood; and the father, a simple man of God, gathering the family about him, read from the Bible the old, old story of love and faith, and then knelt down in prayer, the baby hidden amid the folds of its mother's dress, and closed the record of that simple day by calling down the benediction of God on the family and the home!

As I gazed, the memory of the great Capitol faded from my brain. Forgotten its treasure and its splendor. I said, "Surely here—in the homes of the people is lodged the Ark of the Covenant of my country. Here is its majesty and its strength. Here the beginning of its power and the end of its responsibility."

The homes of the people: let us keep them pure and independent, and all will be well with the Republic.

— HENRY W. GRADY.

AMERICA FOR ME

'Tis fine to see the Old World, and travel up and down
Among the famous palaces and cities of renown,
To admire the crumbly castles and the statues of the kings,
But now I think I've had enough of antiquated things.

So it's home again, and home again, America for me !
My heart is turning home again, and there I long to be
In the land of youth and freedom beyond the ocean bars,
Where the air is full of sunlight and the flag is full of
stars.

Oh, London is a man's town, there's power in the air ;
And Paris is a woman's town, with flowers in her hair ;
And it's sweet to dream in Venice, and it's great to study
Rome ;

But when it comes to living there is no place like home.

I like the German fir-woods, in green battalions drilled ;
I like the gardens of Versailles with flashing fountains
filled :

But, oh, to take your hand, my dear, and ramble for a day
In the friendly western woodland where Nature has her
way !

I know that Europe's wonderful, yet something seems to
lack ;

The past is too much with her, and the people looking
back,

But the glory of the Present is to make the Future free,—
We love our land for what she is and what she is to be.

Oh, it's home again, and home again, America for me!

I want a ship that's westward bound to plow the
rolling sea,

To the blessed Land of Room Enough beyond the ocean
bars,

Where the air is full of sunlight and the flag is full of
stars.

— HENRY VAN DYKE.

PRONOUNCING VOCABULARY

Algiers (äl jërz')

Alnwick (än'w'k)

Apollo (à pól'ô)

Ariel (ä'r'i'ël)

Arion (à r'i'ôn)

Atheling (äth'ël'ing)

Ballengiech (bäl'lën'geek)

Baucis (bó'sis)

Bedouin (béd'oo'ín, or béd'oo'ën)

Bellissima (bë'lis'i'mà)

Benedictine (bën'ë'dik'tín)

Bienvenu (byän've'nü')

Boadicea (bó'à'di'së'à)

Braehead (brä'hëd)

Caliban (käl'i'bän)

Camulodunum (käm'ú'ló'dū'nūm)

Caractacus (kà'räk'tà'kūs)

Carausius (kà'rò'si'ūs)

Cassivellaunus (käs'í've'lón'ūs)

Cathay (kă'thă')

Cleon (klë'ôn)

Coel (köl)

Colne (kôln)

Constantius (kôn'stän'shí'ūs)

Corinth (kór'ínth)

Cramond (crä'mónd)

Curé (kū'ră')

Damian (dä'mí'än)

Demetrius (dë'më'trí'ūs)

Edinburgh (ëd''n'bür'rô)

Egeus (ë'jūs)

Felicita (fë'lis'tà)

Ferdinand (fûr'di'nând)

Fordun (fôr'dūn)

Giuseppe (jöö'sëp'pë')

Glaucus (gló'kūs)

Gloucester (glôs'tër)

Godwine (göd'wín)

Gonzalo (gôn'thă'lô)

Hermia (hûr'mí'à)

Howieson (how'ë'sôn)

Jael (jă'ël)

Jean Valjean (zhän'vál'zhän')

Jonathan (jôn'ă'thän)

Juan Martin (hwän'mär'tën')

Lazzaroni (lăz'à'rô'në)

Lesbos (lës'bôs)

Londinium (lôn'dín'í'ūm)

Lysander (lí'sän'dër)

Magloire (mä'glwô'ră')

Malcolm (mäl'kūm)

Malvoisin (mäl'vwô'zän')

Mediterranean (mëd'í'tër'ă'në'än)

Mercedes (măr'thă'däs)

Methymna (më'thym'nă')

Michael (mī'kēl)
Michael Angelo (mī'kēl ăn'jē lō)
Mignonne (mēn'yōn)
Milan (mil'ăn or mī lăn')
Miletus (mī lē'thūs)
Miranda (mē răn'dă)
Mohawk (mō'hôk)

Naples (nă'p'lz)
Nausicaa (naw sīc'ă ä)
Niña (nēn'yă)
Nineveh (nīn'ē vē)

Oberon (ô'bēr ōn)
Ordgar (ôrd'gär)
Orpheus (ôr'fūs)

Palazzo degli Uffizi (pă lăt'sō dēl yē
 ồ fēt'sē)
Pedro Alonso Niño (pă'drō ä lôn'sō
 nēn'yō)
Pepe (pă'pă)
Periander (pēr i ăn'der)
Perrine (pēr reēn')
Philemon (fī lē'mōn)
Philomel (fīl'ô mēl)
Phineas (fīn'ē äs)
Piazza del Gran Duca (pyăt'să dēl
 grăn dōō'kă)
Piazza del Trinitá (pyăt'să dēl trēn-
 i tă')
Pinta (pēn'tă)
Pinzón, Martin Alonso (pēn thōn',
 măr tēn' ä lôn'sō)

Pinzón, Vincente Yañez (pēn thōn',
 vēm thăn'tă yăn'yăth)
Pontarlier (pôn'tăr lyă)
Porta Rosa (pōr'tă rō'să)
Prospero (prōs'pē rō)
Ptolemy (tōl'ē mī)
Puy-Moisson (pwe-mwō sōn')

Raoul (ră'ool)
Rodrigo Sanchez (rō drē'gō săn'chăth)
Romsey (rôm'sī)
Rufus (rōō'fūs)

St. Jermyn (sănt jēr'mīn)
Santa Croce (săn'tă krō'chă)
Santa Maria (săn'tă mă rē'ă)
Santa Trinitá (săn'tă trēn ē tă')
Sancho (săn'chō)
Saul (sól)
Segovia (să gō'vyă)
Severn (sēv'ērñ)
Stirling (stūr'ling)
Sybrandt (sy'brănt)
Sycorax (sīk'ō răks)

Tamar (tă'măr)
Theseus (thē'sūs)
Ticonderoga (tī kōn'dēr ô'gă)
Titania (tī tă'nī ä or tī tă'nī ä)
Toulon (tōō lōn')
Trelawny (trē lō'nī)

Utawas (ōō'tă wăs)
Zeus (zūs)

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